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"LIVING wage: A bit of mellifluous phraseology well calculated to deceive the unthinking"—that is the definition given by the majority of the Railroad Labor Board in turning down the plea of the maintenance-of-way workers for a real increase in wages. It makes the issue clear at any rate. If it is impossible for a basic American industry to support American workers with a reasonable expectation of health and comfort we want to know it. Railroading has ceased to be a private venture; and if the present system of private management for private profit cannot operate without throwing the workers below a cost-of-living level it is important that the public realize it. The Board also delivers an ex-cathedra attack upon living-wage figures in general. It does not seem to know that methods of computing these figures have been studied, criticized, and revised for years—and that the maintenance-of-way workers, even with an increase of two cents an hour, are left below the living-wage figures fixed by the workers' experts, by a government department, and by the National Industrial Conference Board, an association of employers. Furthermore, as Henry T. Hunt, former representative of the public on the Board, says, its new doctrine "places the burden of improvident management and past errors of investment on the employees and makes them the guarantors of railroad dividends." Meanwhile, the maintenance-of-way men who were persuaded not to strike when the shopmen went out, upon the promise that the Labor Board would give their case a sympathetic rehearing, have learned a new lesson in industrial unionism, and have deposed the too-hopeful Mr. Grable as their president.

THE bark of a politician is almost always worse than his bite, and this is likely to be as true of Signor Mussolini and his black-shirted Fascisti as it was of M. Poincaré in France. The King of Italy seems to have had the rare wisdom to realize that often the best way to treat an extremist is to put him into office. Now, as Mr. Carleton Beals pointed out in *The Nation* for October 4, the Fascist leadership is recruited from two groups which have little in common except a fondness for direct action—the intense Nationalists and the labor syndicalists. Whether Mussolini in office can ride these two horses is very doubtful. He has played a jingo harp in the past, but Italy is in no mood to support a foreign policy that would mean another war or new international complications. And while large groups of Italian labor have watched the smashing of Communist newspaper offices and headquarters with pleased equanimity the Fascist movement would be split wide open if Mussolini should attempt to carry out an anti-labor policy in home politics. We shall print next week the credo of the Fascist militia; it is a fine-flavored document, full of chivalry and mystic nationalism, but as a platform for a party in power it is meaningless. A keen observer said that the Fascisti were fundamentally just romantic freshmen.

FOR once in his life Mr. Lloyd George seems to be stumped. England's election, with Lloyd George out of office and free to let his tongue lash wheresoever it would, was to have been the grandest free-for-all in years. But Lloyd George is even less free today than in office. He is playing for a return to power, for a resumption of coalition government, and he is not sure with whom he may have to ally himself next month. The Tories are cautiously feeling their way, fearing that lacking a majority they may have to invite the Welshman and his semi-Liberals to help them make a cabinet. Labor and the free Liberals know that they will not have a majority by themselves, and Lloyd George, suspecting that the die-hard Tories may refuse all alliance with him, curries favor on all sides. It is a pitiful revelation of essential characterlessness, this spectacle of a statesman at sea, without an issue, a program, or a proposal except his own return to office. Meanwhile the roster of the new Tory Cabinet sounds like a page of Burke's Peerage—with an Earl, two Marquises, a Duke, and three Viscounts. The Earl of Derby, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, and Viscount Peel—surely as one reads these names one is compelled to ask oneself whether this is a cabinet of 1922 or of 1850.

THE last Japanese soldier has left Vladivostok, and the Red soldiers of the army of the Far Eastern Republic have entered the Pacific terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. That is one more landmark in the recuperation of the Russian Republic, and one more step toward the peace of the world. Japan has fulfilled the pledge she gave at the Washington Conference, despite intense militarist pressure from within her own frontiers. But there are still clouds in the sky. The direct line from Chita to Vladivostok is the

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strategic railroad across Manchuria, which is held by Chang Tso-lin, the dictator whom Wu Pei-fu defeated before Peking a year ago. He is supposed to be Japan's tool; stores of White arms are said to have been transported with Japanese connivance into his territory; and General Dietrichs, the anti-Red leader, is safe under Chang's protection. The northern half of Sakhalin, rich in oil and minerals, is still in Japanese hands. The evil of intervention lives after it.

SECRETARY HUGHES'S summary of the foreign policy of the Harding Administration was in many ways an effective campaign document. His announcement that the Administration was preparing to participate in the work of the new International Court of Justice at the Hague will be welcomed alike by friend and foe of American membership in the League. To refuse to share in it because it was associated with the League would be a serious international blunder. We congratulate Secretary Hughes on his forthright position. His statement of policy toward European problems was more ambiguous. It is true that we cannot dictate or become party to European disputes, but we cannot avoid the effects of them. Mr. Hughes read a useful lesson to the belligerent churchmen who have been crying for war in the Near East. Like M. Poincaré, who believes the Greeks burned Smyrna, he is aware of Greek atrocities in Anatolia as well as of Turkish vandalism. He insisted that our interest in the problem must be purely commercial and humanitarian. When Mr. Hughes came to our relations with weaker peoples, however, his logic, and even his fairness of statement failed him. He spoke of Mexico with the "hard-boiled" assurance of one who feels that, being the stronger, the justice of his case does not have to be argued. To Haiti he referred in the manner of an imperialist bully, sure that he knows what is best for all.

IN closing its New York consulate the Mexican Government administered a merited rebuke for the violation of international law in the attachment of its property in connection with a suit brought by the Oliver Trading Corporation. Property of nations has long been held immune from seizure to satisfy private claims. Moreover only a few months ago a suit brought by the Republic of Mexico against an American to recover sums advanced to him was thrown out of court by a New York judge on the ground that the Mexican Government had not been recognized. The efforts of Secretary Hughes to obtain through Governor Miller the vacating of the Oliver attachment indicates that even he understands that in dealing with our Southern neighbor all "rights" are not American rights. On the other hand, in his assertion that smaller nations must maintain their dignity, President Obregon has spoken not only for Mexico but for twenty Latin-American republics, the rights of half of which have been flouted by our State Department in direct proportion to their weakness. Mexico's responsibility is therefore only the greater, and her probable course in keeping the New York consulate closed until the principle is established merits approval from those who want international relations based on justice rather than might.

"INDUSTRY in the United States cannot continue to grow and prosper as it has in the past without a substantial yearly supply of new labor"—thus President Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation in commenting on the labor shortage in his plants. The National Bank of Commerce feels moved to warn the public that the most thoughtful leadership is indispensable because this immigration problem is fraught with "vital social and economic consequences." Precisely. The steel plants are all beginning to feel the pinch because Americans will not perform the hard and exhausting manual labor now required in mills, factories, and underground. Hence, as only 6,518 immigrant workingmen were added to this country's productive forces last year, and, according to Mr. Grace, there will actually be a decrease in the numbers of the working class this year, there will be an increasing outcry from all large employers of labor against the stupid restriction laws. If the employers should improve labor conditions as a result there would be that much gained. But the exclusion laws are more indefensible than ever in view of the distress abroad. What would it not mean if some thousands of the Thracian and Smyrna refugees could find that asylum with us which Americans of other generations were always so proud and so quick to offer to similar sufferers? We have room for them and we need them, and our bishops are eager to go to war on their behalf. But when it comes to giving them leave to come to us and settle, once more it is "America for those who are already here."

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., has told the Federal Council of Churches that he believes in "a labor policy which concedes to the employees in every industrial unit the right of representation in the determination of those matters which affect their own interests," and he has told *The Survey* that "generally speaking the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week should no longer be tolerated in industry." There is a consequent chorus of praise of Mr. Rockefeller as an enlightened industrial statesman. We do not join it. The twelve-hour day and the seven-day week still rule in the oil-fields of the West and Southwest from which Mr. Rockefeller draws a large part of his princely income. It took a year for *The Survey* to get even this statement from him, and the conditions in the Elk Basin field described in *The Survey's* article to which Mr. Rockefeller replied are, we understand, unchanged. We hope that Mr. Rockefeller's influence in the Consolidation Coal Company, whose mines in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, still refuse to treat with their own workers will soon bring about a change, but we wish he had made it felt before the strikers threatened to picket his New York office. If his principles are real Mr. Rockefeller should fight for them.

THE NATION finds so few opportunities to praise the work of departments of the Federal Government that it must not let slip the opportunity to congratulate the Post Office upon its bulletin of fifty major administrative changes made since Mr. Harding took office. Some of these are very striking. One hundred of the largest post offices have been or are being reorganized, in one case saving $300,000 merely by elimination of waste and extravagance. Schools of instruction for new postmasters have been established at central accounting offices, where the intricate system of accounting and proper methods of handling supplies are taught. A saving of more than $1,000,000 has been achieved by decentralization of administration, with the result that the Department has 740 fewer employees. These and other achievements are highly creditable and are, we hope, an earnest of still better things to come. Some day one great department will take the lead in employee self-government

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THE progress of the Ku Klux Klan both North and South is so rapid that it would give rise to considerable alarm were it a new and unprecedented development in our American life. We have had similar Know-Nothing movements before, although perhaps none of such rapid growth. From a friend in the South comes the following warning received by him. It so clearly illumines the crass mixture of selfishness, bigotry, and puritanism of which the movement is composed that we print it in full:

SIR: It is beyond our comprehension how a man of your general good judgment and intelligence should form such an erroneous conception of the teachings of the Ku Klux Klan. You must be laboring under some inexplicable chimerical aberration when you say the association is un-American, stamp it as a lot of religious fanatics, liars, and hypocrites. Accusing the society un-American is pure rot when you should know by this time are wholly made up of 100 per cent Americans. We would advise you to study the aims and teachings of the CLAN, and if there is any manhood or righteous thinking left in you we are sure you will be anxious to become a member, which we hope will be consummated at an early date. Our purpose is to punish those who cannot be reached through the usual procedure of the law. Above all, we want to make this a Christian country, free, clean, and democratic; we want clean politics; we want the elimination of the bootlegger, prostitute, gambler, niggers, Mexicans, Irish, Jews, Germans, Huns, and in fact all foreigners, so they will not be able to appropriate to themselves the policies and destinies of this *Great and Glorious American Republic*. We want you to know that this is a free country, and when one considers what the Three stands for you have no right whatever to defame the standing of the Kluxers, and if you persist in this bad practice you know what will be coming to you. Take our advice, shut your mug, and keep your vituperations to yourself.

AMERICA FOR AMERICANS ONLY

LYMAN ABBOTT began his ministry before the Civil War and closed his active work only at his death last month. Of the eventful period between these dates he might truthfully have said, "all of which I saw and of much of which I was a part." He is most likely to be remembered for his service in popularizing modernism within the Protestant churches. Not an original thinker or a brilliant writer or speaker, he was nevertheless possessed of qualities of mind and character which made him a leader in the reconciliation of Christianity with a modern viewpoint. Thousands of Americans doubtless owe to him, directly or indirectly, the preservation of their religious faith. But if it was Lyman Abbott's fortune to lead or almost to typify theological liberalism, it was also his fate to prove how inadequate was such liberalism to the deeper needs of our time. The man who criticized the harshness of ancient creeds in the name of the ethics of Jesus became the advocate of imperialism, the apologist of deeds of blood the world over, the preacher of a holy war, whose voice was not even raised in behalf of freedom of conscience or opinion. Political prisoners found in him no friend. The need for a bond of unity among men which should abolish exploitation and parasitism found him no interpreter. The failure was more than personal. It was the failure of the particular sort of progressivism with which Abbott was associated.

HOW incomplete is the victory of modernism in the Protestant churches is shown by the experience of the Rev. I. D. M. Buckner of Aurora, Nebraska. Mr. Buckner was a veteran Methodist pastor who was still rendering satisfactory service to his congregation. At the last Methodist conference in Omaha he was compulsorily retired by Bishop Homer C. Stuntz, not because of age or incapacity but because of his theological "unsoundness." Mr. Buckner would have preferred to face a heresy trial, but wise bishops always prefer the indirect method. It is so much more discreet. According to the documents in the case as published by Mr. Buckner, his offense was a disbelief in the verbal inspiration of the Bible. This disbelief, coupled with a faith in the goodness of God, led him to deny such all-important truths as that "God sent two she-bears to devour forty-two playful children because they shouted 'bald head' at Elisha." That cost him his job. Mr. Buckner says that one member of the bishop's cabinet had some time previously "told me that his views and my views were not two inches apart" but "whereas I talked about it all the time he talked about it none of the time." It is this disingenuousness which is one of the worst features of the case. We suspect that many gentlemen in the church with a great reputation for conservatism owe that reputation only to a clever combination of evasion and silence.

THE sale of the London *Times* to John Jacob Astor, and John Walter of the family which so long owned it, is a matter for world-wide satisfaction. The old Thunderer in the hands of Northcliffe, resorting to all sorts of advertising supplements, pictures, and trashy tricks, seemed sacrilege even to those like ourselves who had not been in sympathy with its editorial policy. After all the *Times* has always been a world institution. Now, we trust, it will retrace its steps and become once more the model of typography and make-up it once was, and a better newspaper than when it was fooled by the Piggott forgeries and with brazen falsity led the British nation into the war with the Boers by means of poisoned dispatches from South Africa. That the new owners will have a difficult problem to reestablish it financially we do not doubt—it has been anything but prosperous, if reports are correct, during the Northcliffe regime. We venture to make a suggestion: Let it become as liberal as the *Manchester Guardian*. The die-hard Tory field is more than adequately covered by the *Morning Post*. Two ultra-conservative dailies may well be too much even for London. The *Manchester Guardian* has long made money through the breadth of its sympathies, its fearlessly candid reporting, its enlightenment, its rugged honesty. That is surely the lead for the *Times* if the new owners can bring themselves to it.

"PERHAPS the outstanding feature of the annual conference of the National Urban League for Social Service Among Negroes," a white correspondent informs us, "was its educative influence upon the white social workers in attendance. They learned things about Negro ability that they had never suspected." The bare record of accomplishment of the Urban League is amazing; without advertising the Negro is building his place in America. A Negro social settlement in Chicago, a Negro employment bureau in Pittsburgh, Negro public health nurses in many cities, Negro matrons in police courts, a Negro social service school in Atlanta, Negro dental clinics in St. Louis and Detroit—these are but extracts from a long list of achievements of the League. "Not Alms, but Opportunity" is its motto. But it is a pity that a national league is required in America to assure the Negro either alms or opportunity.

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Mr. Weeks and the War Frauds

JOHN W. WEEKS, the Secretary of War, made a speech the other day in which he inveighed against "silly pacifists" and deplored America's shortcomings in the European conflict, particularly the failure to get airplanes, big guns, and high-explosive ammunition to the battle-front before the armistice. To guard against similar failure in the "next war" Mr. Weeks demanded a larger army and increased military appropriations.

Mr. Weeks's plea for greater militarism (he would use the pleasanter-sounding synonym, "preparedness") makes it unusually timely to inquire what he is doing to remedy the defects in his Department which the European War revealed as most important and the correction of which depends in no way upon a larger army or the other ways of spending the people's money that he advocates. For America did not fail in raising, training, and transporting troops. Her accomplishments in those directions were among the wonders of the war. Failure, where it occurred, was in equipping, supplying, and caring for her troops, and this was due not to lack of money or men but to deficient organization, method, and honesty in the war machine. What is Mr. Weeks doing to punish the perpetrators of our gigantic war frauds or to prevent their repetition in the "next war" to which he so cheerfully looks forward?

The public still knows little of the extent and character of the war and post-war swindles. It is somewhat familiar with the ship-building excesses and the airplane fiasco, but it regards the era of fraud as having ended four years ago, with the armistice, and as one of the inevitable and partly excusable aspects of war-making. The fact is that the post-war disposal of surplus army supplies has oozed corruption and dripped mire, continuing right down into the Harding Administration and Mr. Weeks's own tenure of office. Even more than Attorney General Daugherty (whose dodging of the issue is notorious) it is the business of Mr. Weeks to clean the muck out of his Department, to get rid of the blameworthy, and to clear the reputations of the honest and faithful. Instead we find him acquiescing in the policy of the War Department cabal that is trying to obscure the issue. Take Major W. O. Watts, formerly executive officer of the surplus-property division—he was discharged from the army because of his protests in connection with the scandalous leather sales before Mr. Weeks took office. After Mr. Weeks became Secretary of War members of the Graham investigating committee, both Republicans and Democrats, asked for the reinstatement of Major Watts. Mr. Weeks is said to have been favorably impressed, but before action could be taken contrary influences were brought to bear. In any event, Major Watts was not restored to the army. By contrast there is the case of Colonel L. E. Hanson. Two witnesses have testified that Colonel Hanson tried to thwart the cancelation (for fraud) of a contract for the sale of harness, but Mr. Weeks absolved the officer in a letter to the Attorney General as follows:

> I have the honor to inform you that I have had the matter investigated by an officer of the Inspector General's Department. The Inspector, after examining a number of witnesses, has come to the conclusion that the employees of the War Department who furnished information with reference to this matter to the Department of Justice were mistaken in what they think they heard and that they were precipitate and insubordinate in reporting the matter to your Department instead of to their official superiors.

Two members of the American Legion in Congress, Representatives Johnson of South Dakota and Woodruff of Michigan, have been foremost in demanding action on the war frauds by the Harding regime, and the *American Legion Weekly* has just completed a series of articles giving the most adequate and up-to-date account that we have seen of this extraordinary and disgraceful chapter in American history, of which the public knows so little and toward which it is consequently so apathetic. This account not only reviews scandals of the war period but it discloses the sale of surplus supplies after the armistice as enmeshed with secrecy, favoritism, and downright corruption. On the one hand there was a strong and generally successful attempt by business interests to prevent army supplies going direct to the public on terms which would materially relieve the consumer's burden or tend to break prices, then at their peak. On the other hand dummy and "shoestring" companies were organized, in which army officers and ex-officers were interested, to which supplies were almost given away. Favored concerns were allowed to put up less than the required deposit and were permitted to keep their supplies indefinitely in government warehouses at the public's expense. The competition of all but favored firms was eliminated by means of "negotiated" or "informal" bids.

Most amazing of all, perhaps, while with one hand the army was almost giving away supplies, with the other, says the *Weekly*, it was buying the same material for its running needs at market prices. In July, 1919, when consumers were paying twenty-five to forty cents a pound for sugar, the War Department discovered it had a "surplus" and turned over 46,000,000 pounds to the Sugar Equalization Board at 8¾ cents a pound. The latter, controlled by the trade, distributed the product to favored firms at cost, and some of the sugar was resold for as much as 29½ cents. Within a year the army's sugar supply gave out and it had to buy 35,500,000 pounds, mostly unrefined, at fourteen to fifteen cents. In January, 1919, it was decided to dispose of a large stock of a popular brand of cigarettes— retailing at twenty cents a pack—for 6 1/3 cents a package to welfare organizations like the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. For some reason the makers of these cigarettes were favored as welfare organizations to the extent of about nine million packs. After paying a revenue tax of six cents a pack the net cost to the company was 12 1/3 cents. Early in 1920 the army returned to the same favored company and bought 2,515,350 packs of the same cigarettes at 14 1/3 cents. On April 21, 1921, during Mr. Weeks's own regime, a contract was made with a Philadelphia firm whereby a large stock of meats was sold at an average of 4.7 cents a pound. A War Department officer later estimated the stock as worth 21 cents. There was, besides, a provision by which previous buyers at less favorable terms might return their meats at cost to be turned over to the Philadelphia firm at the lower rate. Meats were so returned, and in some cases it is declared that they were sold back to the first purchasers, the two firms dividing the profit.

Mr. Weeks has a more important job than to scout "silly pacifists" or to propagandize for a larger army. An aroused public ought to compel him to get busy or walk the plank.

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Collapsing Germany—and America

WHATEVER else may be said about the fall of the mark, it is surely a correct gauge of the progressive collapse of Germany. On the twentieth of June last it stood at three hundred to the dollar; in the last week of October it touched five thousand. What that signifies in human suffering cannot be well expressed and can only be understood by those who have looked on the spot into the misery of the perishing middle class. Writing to the London *New Leader* Professor Einstein reports:

> Undernourishment is almost universal among brain workers and students. . . . The very existence of scientific and artistic activities, especially theaters and journals, is more and more endangered, and some have gone under. The struggle for existence among independent artists, musicians, and writers is desperate. Such conditions, and especially the perpetual consciousness of the insecurity of the individual's material existence, inevitably result in a marked lowering of the estimation in which the public holds professional work and intellectual achievements. I am firmly convinced that, if the present material conditions continue or even become worse, large sections of the so-called middle class, which have hitherto been the principal source and preserver of our intellectual heritage, will sink to the level of the submerged masses.

A letter from Bavaria in our correspondence columns gives some idea of what the rise in prices means. "Each winter," writes another reader, "we have been told that this year will see the peak of our suffering; each winter is worse than the last, and still there is no hope of a turn and no prospect of an ending of our misery, or a termination of our frightful uncertainty. Where is it to end?"

Well, in our opinion, if things continue as they are it can only mean a steady sinking of Germany to Austrian conditions, a rapid spread of the cancer to other countries, and a progressive decay of European civilization. Anything may happen in January or February, particularly if the winter should be severe, for the country is almost without fuel, and food supplies may give out at that time. Some of the best-informed observers are sure that there will be fighting and bloodshed, all the more pitiful because it will be without constructive aim or leadership. That is, we trust, looking too darkly into the future, yet it is beyond question that the sixty millions of Germans will not sink to the Viennese slough of despond as easily, as apathetically, and as peacefully as the six million kindly Austrians. We are aware, of course, of that state of mind in certain American quarters which really believes that all the terrible mental and physical suffering that the fall of the mark inflicts on the German people is deliberately engineered by the Ebert Government as a device to escape the payment of just reparations. People who can say this are capable of believing that a mother will kill her children for the sole purpose of defrauding the milkman. Undoubtedly present conditions, combined with recurrent Allied demands, help great industrialists of the Stinnes type to reduce German workmen to a state of serfdom and vassalage, and they have therefore been willing that the value of the mark should fall just sufficiently to keep the rising cost of production from wiping out the differential between German costs and those in other countries. But the veritable collapse of the mark is far, far beyond anything that they have desired.

That this extreme German crisis is having its effect upon the Allies is apparent. There is a sudden cessation of threats, even on the part of Poincaré; the Allied doctors, having driven Germany into this virulent sickness, are hastening to prescribe for her. They talk about taking over the entire management of her finances, in which case they are likely to find themselves faced with responsibilities and difficulties they wot not of, and be themselves compelled to drop the whole reparation program for the time being. The recent speeches of Bonar Law, and of Reginald McKenna in New York, are couched in a vein so friendly to the Germans that Mr. McKenna's would have subjected him a year ago to the charge of being pro-German. More important, the franc has suddenly begun to act as if it were emulating the wild flight of the mark. If it should fall rapidly it will convince still more people that to save Germany from collapse is not pro-Germanism but the most pressing self-interest on the part of the Allies. Writing in the *World*, Mr. S. S. Fontaine, its financial editor, declares that "the plain, painful fact is that France is heading toward bankruptcy hand in hand with Germany."

And America? We are still quite clear that America must aid Europe financially if Europe is to be saved. We know of one prominent New York banker, just back from the other side, who declares that if he felt that America would not step into the breach he would devote himself to just one thing—buying gold and burying it against the inevitable day of a world collapse. We still consider it a dire misfortune that a President infirm of purpose sits in the White House, to madden us with the occasional assurance that in November or December or perhaps in January he will earnestly take up the European situation and do something about it. What incredible blindness! What callous indifference to the approach of what may easily prove world-wide economic dissolution! No, America must yet stand in the breach, not, as the editor of the New York *Evening Post* would have *The Nation* say, through the League of Nations, but in the same humanitarian spirit and the same manner in which it is now moving, with unsurpassed beneficence, to the aid of humanity in the Near East. No membership in the League of Nations and no political alliances are necessary. We have enough moral and, through the Allied indebtedness to us, enough financial power to blaze the way if there were but the needed leadership in Washington. This must and will yet come—if not spontaneously, then it will be forced by the march of events of which the fall of the mark is the sure forerunner.

Lift and Uplift

WE live in a pedestrian age. Big words are cheap, and gusts of public passion are shamelessly exploited. But the better minds are wary of emotion; they tend to be cool and aloof and to hope, indeed, that no passion of the heart and soul will ever find them in. The very poets are undeviatingly severe with themselves in this respect. One cannot imagine Mr. Carl Sandburg's voice breaking over any passage of his "Slabs" as even Pope's did over the last eloquent lines of the "Dunciad"; mosaics of color or hushed narrative are the staple of our verse; a high passion in a poet is suspect like a solecism among polished speakers; the fear of being taken for an uplifter or a "boob-bumper" is held to be the beginning of wisdom; both life and literature,

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among the intelligent, are driven into one corner of the brain.

Our astonishingly good new fiction illustrates the same tendency. It is ironical, coolly objective, or decorative. You will look into these massive and muscular narratives in vain for either noble passion or profound pathos. No wonder, when we consider how these excessively rare things have been soiled and cheapened and debased by the thousand scribblers who convince the crowd that any clerk and flapper are a Tristan and Iseult plus a happy ending; no wonder that Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, writing in "Linda Condon" of love and beauty, used a shy tone and philosophic symbols and twilight. He knows that love, in the great sense, is as rare as genius. The popular magazines have bred the notion that it is as common as cheese.

It is a kind of pride and inverted reverence that produces the sobriety and apparent cynicism that mark all our better writing. Who would not fear to be mistaken for these mushy emotionalists, uplifters, love-mongers, producers of "fair women and brave men" who fill and corrupt the public mind? You tighten your lips, harden your heart, and thank God and Henry Mencken that that particular way of being a fool has passed you by. You remember war enthusiasms and moral crusades. You gag. Heaven forbid that you should ever let yourself go and invite comparison with the heralds of betterment and blood. To be cool is, at least, to be seemly. If there is a silly side to you, it will get no chance.

We are all for this attitude. We find ourselves assuming it, like the protective coloring that it is, and feeling both safer and serener. But there are moments when its dryness and a sense of its essential poverty strike home. Our literature is sane and strong. It has no uplift. No, but neither has it lift. It has neither high tension nor rapture. It has speed but no flight. Yet ours is not, like the first half of the eighteenth century, honestly and through inner conviction an age "of prose and reason." We are all, in the broadest sense, romantics at heart. We yearn for rapture and, shuddering at its imitations in every market-place, close our impoverished natures. We are like a woman of taste who keeps her pearls hidden since the synthetic article has become both common and practically indistinguishable from the real.

We shall not always keep on this straight and well-swept road. The lure of the wild forests will be too much for us in the end. First one writer, then another, will go wandering off to pipe like the shepherd boy in the "Arcadia" and be afraid of seeming to be a fool no more. We must recover both rhythm and rapture, and instead of remembering the shoddy imitations remember rather that neither Milton nor Goethe paid the supposed price of either softness, intellectual confusion, or excess. We may remember, too, that even those who paid the price, had their moments of compensation. We need not be like them; we can learn from them. Who wrote of the height of love:

> "We have found all; there is no more to seek;
> All have we proved; no more is there to know;
> And time could only tutor us to eke
> Out rapture's warmth with custom's afterglow"?

It was Alfred Austin, one of the best laughed-at of the later Victorian bards. We are not yearning for Alfred Austins. But even he, unafraid of the whole range of his poetic nature, had his moment or two of vision, rapture, and impassioned wisdom. There is, to use a shamelessly shoddy and discredited word, a lesson in him.

Fit to Print?

EVERY day but two in October the Hall murder story found itself on the front page of the New York *Times*. For ten days it loitered on the left-hand side of the page; then it climbed into eminence in the display column at the extreme right, and for the rest of the month it stuck there. Only Lloyd George's resignation, Judge Hand's liquor ruling, and a Hylan bus scandal were able to elbow it to the left. Thrice the *Times* spread the head of the story over three columns. And this in the paper that prides itself on belittling the sensational, on "playing down" murder and divorce scandals! The *Evening Post*, most modest of New York's evening papers, wavered until the middle of the month; thence onward the romance of love and murder appeared unerringly at the top of the front page. Meanwhile the other papers displayed ribbon heads across eight columns of text, and the inside pages were full of it. Wherever one went in New York one heard bankers, lawyers, professors, subway guards, women and men alike, discussing this peculiarly outrageous murder mystery.

Occasionally someone ventured to protest at the columns of space sacrificed from more important matters to this story of clandestine love and the swift retribution which followed upon it. People who brought the subject into conversation apologized for knowing about or being interested in it. Yet the response was unerring, for the newspapers had not worked up the public but had simply responded to the welling interest of millions in a great human drama.

For this is the cardinal truth which journalists learn: It is not the important public events which most interest millions—not politics, or economics, or even wars and strikes, but the private dramas, the "human interest stories," the great dramatizations of the half-thought dreams and hopes and fears of every man and every woman. Mrs. Mills read the novels which the rector gave her with bated breath because she could read herself into every line; the public read of Mrs. Mills because it could dramatize into terms of its own experience the release from daily drudgery which a new love seemed to bring her. News, a puzzled editor once said, is anything striking—but it is "big news" in proportion as it might happen to any reader. It is the personal, of no importance to the world, which makes up the bulk of life and of conversation; and it is the personal, of no importance to the world, for which people will most eagerly pay three cents. That was the great discovery which enabled Joseph Pulitzer in four years to build the circulation of the *World* from twelve to two hundred thousand; that is why the *Evening Journal* today has more than twenty times the circulation of the New York *Evening Post*, why the *Saturday Evening Post* has more than eighty times the circulation of *The Nation*.

Years ago a prominent man committed suicide. Shortly after, a beautiful woman killed herself. His career had been ruined by his wife's brother because he had deserted his wife to return to this beautiful woman, his mistress of earlier years. A dirty scandal? Their names were — Antony and Cleopatra. Upon such sordid tragedies most great literature is based. Why blame the newspapers for judging taste aright and giving them first place in the news—the newspapers merely admit that they are commercial institutions, with no sense of moral responsibility, seeking their best market.

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The *Monitor:* A Christian Daily

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

FOUNDED in 1908 "to injure no man but to bless all mankind," the *Christian Science Monitor* appears to the average "live-wire" journalist to be a daily, but not a newspaper. Why not? When the Titanic's sinking furnished the press with the greatest "story" that ever came from land or sea prior to the World War, the *Monitor* never mentioned the name of a single one of the 1,500 men and women who died. All this evening newspaper could do was to publish the names of those who were saved. Record the dying of poor man or millionaire, wife or widow, it could not. Death must go unrecorded. In the *Monitor's* code it was not fit to print.

So you find in that daily no story of a train wreck, no mention of an automobile accident, no record of the sinking of an ordinary steamer. You may lose your best friends in the Knickerbocker Theater collapse in Washington, or have a vital stake in the Argonaut mine disaster, so long drawn out, but you will learn little of either from the *Monitor*. So terrible and tragic a happening as the massacre in Herrin is reduced to a mere record, though the "passing" of Rathenau, because of its effect upon European politics, and the tragedy of Shackleton's death on his voyage into the mundane unknown, because of its scientific interest, may have a column on the front page. During the war the *Monitor* spoke of "terrific casualties" and "colossal human sacrifices"; and sometimes one learned that in war there are killed and wounded—chiefly by act of the wicked enemy. Atrocities, curiously enough, one learned of—that is, the enemy's atrocities, of course.

If you wish to advertise in the *Monitor* you will learn that there are still other inhibitions. Tea and coffee, doubtless because instruments of the Evil One, liquor, tobacco, medical or hygienic articles, life, accident, and health insurance may not be offered to its readers through its columns. You may lose your pet police dog or find some one else's gold watch, but you cannot advertise either fact in the *Monitor*, not at any price. Rouge and powder, henna and peroxide are as forbidden as an offer to apply a "permanent wave." You cannot call for agents, or offer jobs to nurses (or to salesmen on a *commission* basis), or print anything in your advertisement that suggests that there may be a connection between life and weather conditions—which would seem to bar the lightning rod and storm-proof Kansas cellars. As for the rest, all the tests applied by the most conservative dailies are also in force in the *Monitor* office. No "blue sky" advertising is possible, no suggestion of "sacrifice" or "fire" sales and no "catch-line" sensationalism; its columns are the cleanest of the clean and its business announcements about as limited to the bare facts as those of the New York dailies in 1805. You cannot even advertise a camp or school until it has been established for two years, and you can't slip it in under any pretext if you suggest that special emphasis is laid in your camp upon hygiene or religious training. Of such is the Kingdom—of the *Monitor*.

So this journal *is* a Christian daily, if avoiding all mention of crime, scandal, death, misery, and vice constitutes one. But its claim to that title rests on securer foundations. It carries into its columns and into its editorials a truly Christian spirit, a desire to help, to benefit, and to improve. It aims with much success to be sweetly reasonable with wrongdoers, to give offense as rarely as possible. It tries to give full credit to the other man's motives. In its news columns it seeks to present accurately and fairly the things it is permitted to report. It is proud of its staff of correspondents and its correspondents are proud of it. Dr. Herbert Adams Gibbons, one of its numerous non-Scientist correspondents abroad, has said of it that he was happy to write "for the one great newspaper in America that had a world vision, whose policy is to cover the entire world and to present the news of the world. . . . I mention the *Monitor* because it is this conception of journalism that is the hope of the world." Upon none of these correspondents has the *Monitor* laid any restrictions. Much of its correspondence is of great value—the editors of *The Nation* are happy to acknowledge their indebtedness to it for much that has been significant and illuminating, for news that has sometimes appeared exclusively in the *Monitor*, or far ahead of its appearance elsewhere. Not, of course, that all this material has been of this fine quality and distinction; there has been considerable padding and rewriting long after the event. The salient and striking fact is that the *Monitor*, unlike so many of its contemporaries, seeks to place its foreign correspondence on the level of that of the best English newspapers, and to give an intelligent survey of what is happening in all parts of the world. It keeps its news standards up and calls upon its readers to rise to them.

Nor does it cast a Christian Science hue over all that it writes. Indeed, I think it must be said that it attempts to proselytize extraordinarily little. Every day it carries on an inside magazine page called the Home Forum a column of Christian Science propaganda, which also appears about once a week in German and in French. For the *Monitor* has a remarkable international circulation in which as "an international daily newspaper" it delights—its international aim is quite as significant as the fact that the *Monitor* is the organ of Christian Science. Not more than one or two newspapers, if any, print as much foreign news; it prints more than any other newspaper if we leave out those like the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* which have their own syndicates, and it claims that it prints more cable news than either the New York *Times* or the *Public Ledger*. It never buys or sells syndicate matter, because of its widespread circulation; it feels that it would be a drawback to have a subscriber in Los Angeles read dispatches of a news service that had already appeared in a Los Angeles daily. Indeed, the *Monitor* has to conceive of itself as almost more of a daily magazine than a newspaper—that is, its editors have to consider how their editions will read from six to twelve or eighteen days after publication. Its managers are proud of the fact that they have between twelve and fifteen thousand readers in California and ten thousand in Great Britain, that they sell more papers in Chicago than in Boston, and that 10 per cent of their readers are non-Scientists.

The *Monitor* is read by clergymen of various denominations because of the cleanness of its columns and the extent of its news. To some people it seems as if it did not cover domestic news as well as foreign. But if it has correspondents all over the world—a "space" correspondent, for in-

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stance in every German town—a bureau in London with twelve on the editorial staff, and special representation in Berlin, Tokio, and other capitals, it has also a well-manned New York office with a dramatic, an art, and a musical critic attached to it—few American dailies take the stage, the concert hall, and the art museum as seriously. It is only an accident in a sense that brought about the *Monitor's* publication in Boston. It might just as well be printed anywhere else; indeed it is the hope of the Christian Science Church that some day there may be other *Monitors* in this country and abroad. This one appears in Boston because it is the property of the trustees of the Christian Science publishing committee, and is directed by the directors of the First Church of Christ Scientist in Boston, which is the "mother church." These directors have decreed that the *Monitor* shall be independent in politics; the editor meets with this board once a week to discuss with them general policies, but I am assured that, within the limits of the general conception of what the *Monitor* ought to be and the restrictions placed upon it by the Christian Science creed, the editor has full liberty of expression. Certainly no director has protested because in politics the *Monitor* often believes that discretion is the better part of valor, and that in the Massachusetts campaign just ending the *Monitor* has been entirely silent upon the candidacy of Henry Cabot Lodge.

While its typographical make-up is well constituted and handsome, there is a sameness about the *Monitor* and, perhaps, a lack of virility in its type. At least it does not make as favorable an impression on the average reader as does, for instance, the Baltimore *Sun*. It is not possible to agree with Sir Charles Frederick Higham, who declares that it is the best-printed newspaper in the world. But the *Monitor* is never sloppy, is abundantly and often handsomely illustrated, and it gives excellent business and sporting news. It has wisely refrained from being lured into a Sunday issue and the abomination of pages and pages of special Sunday articles with picture supplements.

The best known of the editors of the *Monitor* was Frederick Dixon, who took charge in 1914. He is English born and bred and a journalist of distinction. I know it is said that anyone could make a success of a journal which had behind it the approval and support of so great a power as Christian Science. But the reading of the *Monitor* has never been made obligatory by the Church, it has not been used as an official journal, its circulation has never yet gone above 140,000, and it sells poorly upon the newsstands, the bulk of its support coming from annual subscriptions. Mr. Dixon's achievement in building up the *Monitor* must therefore not be underestimated; it was a noteworthy journalistic feat. But it must also be said that it was unfortunate for the *Monitor* to have been in the hands of so outspoken an English sympathizer during the critical years of the World War. During that period it did not hold the scales even, nor did it live up either to the ideals which it set for itself or to what seem to be the principles of Mrs. Eddy's church. True, that organization itself failed when it was subjected to the test of fire.

How a church with its doctrines can take any other attitude than one of absolute opposition to all war I cannot understand. What is the use of ignoring the existence of such a thing as death, of withholding support from health campaigns, and from the great movements to apply science to clean up and sanitate great areas of the world, on the ground that sickness is a state of mind and can be overcome by the individual will, if you then give yourself over to wholesale support of a war in which ten millions are killed and heaven knows how many more are tortured by suffering which no amount of will power or ignoring of physical fact can overcome? To read the editorials that appeared in the *Monitor*, which was intended to injure no one and bless all mankind, during the war makes one wonder how it was that the bottom did not drop out of the church when its authorities laid down the doctrine that opposition to the war as war was "merely an academic objection to the use of the sword." Think of it! The church which objects to advertising lightning rods, rouge and face powder, tea and coffee, sees nothing else than an "academic objection" to the greatest evil on earth, to that combination of murder, rape, and pillage which kills and maims in a couple of days more human beings than Christian Science can aid in decades! In swinging the *Monitor* to support of our entry into the war, Mr. Dixon was only keeping step with his church. But when the war was over, and people looked back upon his course, it was surely wiser to supplant this able, yes, brilliant, journalist who had achieved so much with a more old-fashioned American.

In fairness it must, however, be added that Mr. Dixon's retirement was chiefly involved in the schism which came from the quarrel between the directors of the church and the trustees of the publishing society as to the control of the latter. Mr. Dixon strongly sympathized with the trustees and refused to come out in his paper on the side of the directors; on this as on so many issues the *Monitor* took no position. The quarrel was, however, almost a death blow to the *Monitor*, for its splendid circulation of more than 140,000 fell away to less than twenty thousand. On February 1, 1922, there were only 17,500 readers; since that time the circulation has grown by leaps and bounds, and it is today well over seventy thousand. It is fully expected that within two years it will reach 250,000, in which case it will become an enormously profitable newspaper. The changed aspect of things is due to the settlement in the courts of the dispute within the church and the loyal acceptance of the decision by the defeated element. Credit must, however, also be given to the new editor, Mr. Willis J. Abbot, an old-time liberal of many associations in former years with men of the type of Henry D. Lloyd of Chicago and Governor Altgeld of Illinois. There is great difference of opinion, however, as to whether the *Monitor* is as interesting and able today as when Mr. Dixon conducted it, and there does not seem to be even a consensus of opinion as to whether it is more or less "plutocratic" than it was.

As for its editorial policy, it is making a superb fight for prohibition with almost daily articles of great value; it opposed the Daugherty strike injunction, criticized the new tariff, Newberryism, the bonus, and, very mildly, the ship-subsidy proposal; it supports naval disarmament. It writes of "feudalism in the coal fields" but shows little sympathy for either railroad or mine strikers. It is quite friendly to the Negro and urges the immediate passage of the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill. It is excited over the alleged atrocities and the aggressions of the Turks. It opposes child labor and favors the public control of transit lines. Its love of free speech is a bit dubious, for it approved the interruption of Scott Nearing's lecture at Clark University by President Atwood, just as during the war it was bitter in its denunciation of Eugene Debs. It must be added, however,

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that it favors the granting of amnesty to political prisoners. On the whole, a survey of the editorial page shows a well-meaning, rather enlightened, but, as I have pointed out above, not an aggressive editorial vein, and one not intended to hurt people's feelings, which ought to conduce to satisfaction on the part of that portion of its readership which likes mild meat. Whether this "pussy-footing" is inseparable from all group control or not is a question. As it is, the *Monitor* today offers the best example of a journal owned by a group which we have yet seen in this country. But for all its high technical standards and its ideals it is far from being the perfect newspaper. Nor can it become that while it is so hopelessly enmeshed in its Christian Science inhibitions. But because it is the organ of a society established upon an ethical basis; because it has such ready-made bases of support; because it is entirely without the profit-motive and beyond the lure of dividends; and because it has conceived its mission to be international, it is one of the most interesting and vital of contemporary journalistic experiments. It cannot be overlooked by anyone who seeks an answer to the riddle which reads: What is to be the newspaper of the future and how can it be kept free from that commercial control which has so degraded the press of today? Even with the disadvantages of its church ownership, the *Monitor* stands far above the usual American daily in both manners and morals. In the hide-bound conservatism, sensationalism, and general rottenness of Boston's press, it shines as the one bright star and is in some degree commensurate with the Hub's reputation for knowledge and intellectual tastes.

Finally, the *Monitor's* editorial policy has grave drawbacks if one aims to improve conditions in the world. At least observers may well question whether this theory of speaking softly about one's opponents, about policies one does not agree with, achieves as much as that of the man who writes with a flaming pen, who strikes hard and swiftly and repeatedly at his opponents, who cries out with emotion and passion against human injustice, wrongdoing, and wickedness. As to which is the more effective method of bettering the world there will be, I suppose, a difference of opinion as long as mankind exists. The debate waxes strongest, perhaps, over the influence of the anti-slavery agitators, who are usually criticized for having been too violent in their denunciations, although the fact is that they did so sear and burn the conscience of the American people that within their lifetime those agitators saw the triumph of principles which no one thought could be made the law of the land within a century. So when I hear the *Christian Science Monitor* criticized as having too tame an editorial page, as lacking lights and shadows, I wonder if it is not due to its having the defects of its qualities, or rather its policies. To be soft-spoken is noble and generous, but it does not thrill, nor interest, nor stir readers as does the editor who, from time to time, gives rein to the indignation that is within him. Certainly Christ knew how to reach the heights of criticism and denunciation, and the *Monitor* will probably suffer in the long run if it does not take sides more ardently. I am hopeful that in the future struggle between the two great groups of thought in America, between the powers of privilege and the masses of the people, its voice will be heard on the side of the masses rather than of the privileged. But admirable newspaper as it is, excellent as are its ideals, great as is the service it is going to render in proving that an absolutely clean, dignified, and honest newspaper can be made a tremendous financial success, I fear it is long going to be classed as "somewhat colorless," "rather dull," and "monotonous," and that it will be without the shining edge of the sword of the Apostle.

Australian Labor Moves to the Left

By B. S.

AS in almost every other country the labor movement in Australia has been unable to escape internal discord, dissensions between right and left wings, feuds between parliamentarians and industrial unionists. Yet, for a moment last year it looked as if the whole movement, both industrial and political, had sunk all major differences and united solidly on a definite program of social revolution. Though there was no mention in the new policy of the dictatorship of the proletariat or soviets or joining the Communist International, the move to the left was unmistakable. Today the situation is not so clear. The new era of economic expansion which has opened with the ambition to make Australia "a second United States" and with all-round reductions in wages has had its effect upon the fighting capacity of the workers. Probably the depression is only temporary, as it is throughout the world. In any case it is hard to believe that a movement with such a history as that of the Australian working-class cannot survive still another of the many ordeals through which it has gone or that the move toward the left, having once begun, can be stopped.

It must be remembered that for many years Australia socially and politically has been doing unusual things, such as letting labor run the government and try experiments at the thought of which older democracies would shudder. Australia is the first of all modern countries to have come under labor administration, and not once but on several occasions and for varying periods. The present labor government in the state of Queensland, for example, has now been uninterruptedly in office more than seven years. One clue to the unusual position of Australian labor is the steady growth of its trade unions, until they rank first with a membership of 700,000 in a population of only 5,400,000. Not only that, but these unions have been so long accepted by the employers that it is now out of the question even to think of not recognizing them.

When the unions were defeated in the struggle known in Australian history as the Great Strike thirty-one years ago, they set about the creation of a political fighting force and began electing labor representatives to the legislatures of the six colonies. After the colonies became federated as the States of the Australian Commonwealth, labor members were also sent to the national legislature. In due course parliamentary majorities were obtained, and the governments of the Commonwealth and of five of the six states have been at different times administered by labor cabinets. Under labor rule a good deal has been done to improve social conditions but these reforms have left the wage-system intact so that in the long run the workers are fundamentally no better off than they were.

Gradually it began to be felt in Australia as elsewhere

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that the solution of labor difficulties was to be found only in ending the system which produced those difficulties. Capitalism must be abolished. But how? Not by parliamentary labor parties, said a large section in the unions. Not by unions organized along obsolete craft lines, said the growing band of disciples of the American I. W. W. philosophy. Thus began a movement against political action with a vigorous propaganda in favor of reorganizing the unions according to industries and ultimately merging all the unions in One Big Union. The O. B. U. scheme was imported from America; was, in fact, taken lock, stock, and barrel from a pamphlet written by an American, William E. Trautman.

As everybody in the labor movement was agreed that closer unionism was an urgent necessity, the O. B. U. scheme was given a favorable start. But the militants (one of the names by which the advanced unionists are known) began to come under the influence of bolshevist ideas and to talk about revolutionary political action and replacing the Labor Party by a new organization which should be the political fighting force of the unions. The politicians and political aspirants of the Labor Party, who had been smarting under the criticism of the O. B. U. propagandists, thereupon retaliated with a counter-attack. The O. B. U. was declared a dangerously impracticable scheme which should be left severely alone by all who were loyal to the cause of labor and desirous of maintaining the solidarity of the movement. For a time the Labor Party officials conducted a heresy hunt, and a number of recalcitrant O. B. U. supporters who were engaged in "boring from within" were excommunicated. But to the surprise of the labor politicians, the more drastically they dealt with the insurgents the greater became the dissatisfaction among the rank and file of the workers. Presently it dawned upon the minds of the shrewder party leaders and officials that, if they were not careful, they would themselves become the authors of the much dreaded split.

Although the Labor Party was the creation of the unions and has many important unions directly affiliated with it, persons who are not unionists are eligible for membership if they sign the party pledge. In this way the door has always been open to middle-class elements, so that employers, merchants, professional men, and farmers are to be found on the membership lists. Not a few of the men who have won seats in Parliament and cabinet portfolios have never been wage-earners or had any experience in the industrial organizations which are the backbone of the movement. And, as was to be expected, the Labor Party has been a happy hunting ground for political adventurers and "men on the make." This is why the party has not achieved as much as the workers hoped and why it has constantly been held back by opportunism and expediency. Finally, the militants were driven to declare that no party at all would be better than one which, masquerading as a labor organization, was really dominated by bourgeois ideas—in fact, was only the party of the petty bourgeoisie or the "cockroach capitalists," as the small business men are derisively termed by the left wing.

In the latter part of 1920 the fight was on in earnest. The political laborites and the militants were gradually drifting further apart. Everybody expected an upheaval that would leave the movement split in fragments. To the militants who were conducting the O. B. U. campaign and to the left wing generally the prospect of a split was a welcome one. Thus they hoped to rid the movement of the middle-class section that was obstructing progress. The leaders of the Labor Party, on the other hand, saw that, if a large number of unionists broke away, votes would be lost and the chances of political office rendered exceedingly remote. It was, therefore, to the interest of the party to maintain unity at all costs, and in October, 1920, the first step was taken toward reconciliation.

A curious feature of the Australian labor movement has been that, while its political organization in each of the states and for the nation as a whole has had a regular system of conferences and conventions and proper central authorities, the unions have until now had no definite method of securing concerted action. A few attempts to establish labor federations have come to nothing. The only central bodies have been trades and labor councils in the larger cities, and to them has fallen the duty of giving the industrial movement its leadership. As the labor councils represented only the branches of the unions in their respective cities, the national executive of the Labor Party, on deciding to make a move to prevent the threatened split, undertook through the state branches of the party to convene an All-Australian Congress of Trade Unions, which turned out to be the most memorable gathering of working-class representatives in the history of the country.

The party leaders, frankly acknowledging that the political side of the movement had got out of touch with the industrial organizations, declared that they wished the congress to say exactly what the workers wanted. "Give us an ultimatum or a mandate, and we will bring the program of the party into line with the demands of the unions," was the invitation which the political chiefs addressed to the industrialists. The congress, which began its deliberations in Melbourne on June 20, 1921, consisted of 300 delegates representing 700,000 trade unionists. As soon as it assembled it was evident that the militants were in strong force and that the program was going to be shaped and colored by their ideas.

In the first place the congress decided that the objective of the Labor Party should be the socialization of industry instead of the former nebulous idea that all were entitled to the full product of their labor. By socialization was meant not nationalization or state capitalism but communism. This was made clear in the methods outlined for the purpose of realizing the objective, which included the setting up of a supreme economic council of the workers.

Secondly, a Council of Action of twelve was elected to carry out the decisions of the congress, to act in conjunction with the Labor Party, and to summon future congresses. Thus for the first time in its history the industrial movement has a permanent national executive with the functions of a general staff for the whole of its forces.

Thirdly, it was decided that the unions should be organized along the lines of industry and that a scheme for One Big Union, to be designated the Australasian Workers' Union, be brought into operation. The preamble adopted for this new organization is practically the same as that of the American I. W. W. with its unequivocal declaration of the class struggle.

Fourthly, that part of the Labor Party's objective relating to the development of an Australian national sentiment and the preservation of Australia as a white man's country was dropped for a more international standpoint. The workers in other countries were urged to establish councils of action

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to prevent war and, as the Pacific was considered likely to be the scene of the next conflict between nations, it was decided to summon a Pan-Pacific labor conference to take steps to insure peace.

The Labor Party, having been given the "ultimatum or mandate" for which it asked, was now faced with the question of ratifying or rejecting the recommendations of the congress. If the party leaders were still as eager to avoid a split as when they called the unions together to lay down a program, there was no other course than to adopt it, no matter how revolutionary it was. In all important particulars this was done at an inter-state conference in Brisbane in October, 1921. But it was with fear and trembling and an ill-disguised desire to evade the issue that the new objective and methods were accepted. Where in the statement of methods to bring about the socialization of industry the Trade Union Congress had declared for the utilization of both industrial and parliamentary action, the Labor Party conference inserted the word "constitutional." Without putting the objective relating to the development of Australian sentiment back into its place in the program, the party reaffirmed the clause in the form of a separate resolution. When they came to the One Big Union preamble, that was altogether too much for the politicians, and the conference refrained from discussing or voting on it by taking refuge in the plea that methods of industrial organization concerned only the unions. Finally, just before the end of the conference, the party leaders, already nervous at having indorsed so much that was revolutionary, sought to save their faces by adopting an addendum to the new program declaring that the Labor Party did not seek to abolish private ownership "even of any of the instruments of production where such instrument is utilized by its owner in a socially useful manner and without exploitation."

The first result of the Brisbane Conference was to start a controversy as to whether the Labor Party had really adopted the program of the Trade Union Congress or revised it along reactionary lines. This difference of opinion again opened the door to dissension particularly in New South Wales, the leading state of the Commonwealth, where the political organization is saturated through and through with opportunism and where the militant industrialists are most uncompromising. With the approach of a general election upon which depended the fate of the state labor government, the politicians either disavowed or tried to forget the program of the Trade Union Congress for fear of alienating middle-class voters. But their efforts were in vain, and at the election in March of this year the Labor Party was decisively defeated and its government forced to give way to a capitalist cabinet. The labor politicians blamed the militants for their loss of office, recrimination and dissension became acute, and there was an attempt by the moderates to break away and form a new and so-called "sane" labor party. Although this attempt was abortive, the politicians were influential enough at the conference of the New South Wales branch of the Labor Party early in June this year to secure the rejection of the Brisbane program and with it the objective and plans adopted by the Trade Union Congress a year before. Elsewhere in Australia the party showed greater willingness to take their lead from the unions. The Victorian branch at its conference in April by an overwhelming majority indorsed the objective of the unions.

While the politicians and the moderates were trying to hold the Labor Party to middle-class instead of proletarian purposes, the industrial movement began to take the preliminary steps toward carrying out the decisions of the Trade Union Congress. In February the inaugural convention of the Australasian Workers' Union (One Big Union) was held in Sydney. A scheme for reorganizing the unions along industrial lines was adopted and a provisional general council was elected. Some progress has already been made, but many serious obstacles have to be overcome, for not only are there the difficulties inherent in the existing craft organization, but there are also legal problems such as those arising from the transfer of property and other assets to the new union. During the first year of its existence the Council of Action was not able to show much in the way of positive results. In fact, it appeared to be anything but a powerful weapon for the defense of working-class interests in view of the determined manner in which employers were forcing down wages throughout the Commonwealth. However, there was one thing the Council of Action could do. That was to help the movement to pull itself together at another trade-union congress, which was accordingly summoned.

The second All-Australian Trade Union Congress since the war was held in Melbourne during the last week of June this year and was attended by 162 delegates. Once more moderates and militants came to grips. Eventually a compromise was agreed upon and carried in the following terms:

> That this congress, desiring a united working-class front in this country, reaffirms the industrial and political policy adopted by the June congress of 1921, and indorses, as far as it is consistent with this resolution, the work of the Brisbane convention of October, 1921, and urges all state branches of the Australian Labor Party and other working-class parties and groups to forthwith fall into line so that a uniform political policy may be presented throughout Australia; and calls upon the Australian Labor Party to make provision along the lines of the British and New Zealand labor parties for the incorporation of all schools of genuine labor thought and activity with the freedom of propaganda and organization, while at the same time requiring a loyal acceptance of the decisions of representative conferences.

That in substance is how the labor movement stands in Australia today. It is not by any means a hopeless situation. The industrially organized workers have created a system to coordinate their efforts by means of congresses and a permanent executive; they have initiated a scheme for One Big Union; and they have more thoroughly than ever made sharp and clear the opposition between the idea of freedom based upon socialized industry and the delusive liberty of bourgeois democracy, thereby forcing the Labor Party eventually to choose one or the other. The issue will not be settled in a day. Australia is unlikely to see the coming of a new social order until change sweeps through all countries blessed by what is called modern civilization.

Contributors to This Issue

Agnes Dyer Warbasse is educational secretary of the Cooperative League.

Josiah C. Wedgwood, distinguished at Gallipoli, has written on the taxation of land values, and is one of the vice-presidents of the English Labor Party and an aggressive member of Parliament.

B. S. has been editor of and contributor to various Australian and American newspapers.

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England and Zionism

By JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD

WE slipped into it by accident but it almost looks as though the British *beau geste* which culminated in the Balfour Declaration were working out for the good of the British. Originally, when the mildly surprised Mr. Balfour first realized that a Jewish Palestine was not a joke of Lady Cunard's, the short straight war view was taken. We wanted friends and allies to help us win; and the people we wanted as friends could drive hard bargains, with the Kaiser at our doors. The Italians screwed us up to the terms they wanted. King Hussein got his kingdom. Rumania produced a painted map showing the omnipresence of Rumanians and we signed it blindfold as "our aims." Russia—but Russia fortunately revolved. We wanted friends, and somebody thought of fourteen million Jews all over the world, many of them able to lend sinews of war. So Mr. Balfour was made to understand that it was serious; the bargain was struck, America came in, the war ended, and there were all these bits of paper looking at us from the portfolio of every diplomatist.

Somebody should some day collect all these bits of paper signed by a desperate debtor, and then we should begin to understand the difficulties of the Conference at Versailles. They conflicted. "The homelands of Thrace" had been pledged to Moslems and to Christians, and are now fit only for the crows. Fiume became a battleground and founded the Fascisti. Upper Silesia gave birth to Korfanty; Pole and Czech scored each other over Teschen. Little nations arose in dozens and demanded "self-determination." We have not yet done with promises to pay concerning Bessarabia, or Vilna, or even Constantinople. Among others, Arabs and Jews and French had rival bits of paper concerning Syria and Palestine.

We no longer needed all these friends, but there were their papers. We tried to pay; we even try to pay the cash debt to America, but conflicting pledges will test any debtor's honesty. First the French were squared; they were obviously the most formidable claimants. They got all they asked for, in spite of Arab or Jew: Damascus, Beirut, the North of Palestine, the Hauran, the railways. All the protests of the British army officers who had dined and feted Feisal failed to save even the face of the King of Damascus. But a good deal of the subsequent attitude of these officers toward the Jews is due to their desire to make up to the Arabs for the debacle of army promises at Damascus. The struggle between Jew and Arab bits of paper for the remains of Palestine continued.

French influence and Papal influence supported the Arabs —a ductile material. "Self-determination" balanced "the Balfour Declaration." Our British army was unanimously for the Moslem "gentleman" against the "bolshevik Jew." As the San Remo Conference came nearer, ever more slender appeared the chances of validity of the Jewish scrap of paper. The *Morning Post* thundered in denunciation of the accursed race which asked us to deliver the goods. That the conference actually at last came down on the Jewish side of the fence is due to one man—Dr. Chaim Weizmann. Against him he had all the other Allied Powers; against him he had all British society—army, navy, foreign office, and church; against him he had half the Cabinet; and yet he managed to hold up the arms of Lloyd George, even as Aaron and Hur held up the arms of Moses. Some subtle instinct still showed the Welshman that the Jew was the best horse to back, and Palestine was saved.

Since that day the rift between Briton and Moslem has constantly widened. It is not worth while to consider here whether the British Premier was right or wrong in supporting Greek claims against Turkey. The obvious fact is that the Moslem world now regards England as its enemy. The Arabs are part of the Moslem world: England their enemy; France their friend. If Palestine had been awarded against the Jew, our troubles in Egypt or in Bagdad would surely have been mirrored and repeated in Jerusalem. From this Weizmann and the Jews and the instinct of the Welshman may yet save us. The obvious fact now is that Great Britain wants Jews, as many as possible, as quickly as may be, at home in Palestine.

Needless to say all this *Realpolitik*, good enough for diplomatists and statesmen, has not been the inspiration among the inheritors of the liberal traditions of England. For them Zionism is right in itself. They see 2,000 years of persecution and ostracism, 2,000 years of intolerance. State and church, their enemies too, have united in the age-long persecution of a race. They see Zionism not only as a city of refuge for the oppressed, but one which they and England have taken a share in building. It is a credit to them. It is their *amende*, a gesture in the face of the illiberal nations of continental Europe. Is it not known that liberal England loves just such a pose, ever since the days of the late lamented Prince Consort?

Nor is that all, especially in the growing Labor ranks. The chapel-bred English puritan workingman is half Jew himself. Better than a Jew does he know his Old Testament. Every Jewish hero from Abner to Josiah is the familiar of his childhood. He has appropriated their names. Every spot from Dan to Beersheba brings back his lessons and the drowsy Sabbaths of long ago. The British workingman knows far more of King Solomon than of King Alfred; he is inspired by Samuel and David rather than by Bishop Heber or Dean Inge. He sees the Jew through spectacles of a Jewish culture. There is a sacred but deep joy in once more building up Jerusalem.

Some of us see more. Palestine is not merely a refuge, but also a symbol. There to Palestine can go the fugitives from pogroms. Shut out from America, shut out from England, shut out from Europe, flying from Red Terrors and from White Terrors, robbed, murdered, hounded out by post-war Christian patriots Palestine is still left as the one refuge. And yet as a symbol Palestine is even more. It is an address upon the map. At last Jews have a homeland, a country, some place to be proud of. The back straightens, the eyes are those of the citizens of no mean country. To the Jew everywhere Palestine gives not only national respect, but that self-respect which is required to make humility decent and pretense unnecessary. They join the ranks of the free nations when "our own good pride shall teach us to respect our comrades' pride." It is in the making of this that English Liberal, Laborite, and Socialist join gladly with Jewish workers in the same cause.

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Milestones in Cooperation

By AGNES DYER WARBASSE

"I AM very optimistic concerning the future of cooperation in the United States. I feel that this convention will do much to further its interests. The movement has been pretty well sifted. This will make possible national cooperation of a cohesive nature." This prediction of T. D. Stiles, manager of the Penn Central Cooperative Association of miners' stores, proved true. Milestones in economic progress were recorded at the Cooperative Congress held in Chicago on October 26, 27, and 28.

Mr. Stiles was right. The cooperative movement is thoroughly "sifted." For the first time in the United States simon-pure cooperation has a clear field. The "shell game" operators, falsely calling themselves cooperators, have either been run to cover or to jail. The various so-called "American plan" cooperatives—highly centralized organizations with chain stores—have proved unsound and unsuccessful.

Seventy delegates from sixteen States, representing about 700,000 members; thirty fraternal delegates from the leading labor and religious organizations, representing millions of members; foreign delegates from Poland and Russia, were all assembled at the Congress. Cables and letters of greeting were received from eleven national cooperative unions in European countries. In this country all the strong cooperative consumers' societies have finally joined their forces with the Cooperative League of America—many agricultural societies also. Cooperative solidarity was the achievement of this Congress. This is basic, for in no country in the world did cooperation really take hold and progress until standards and policies were agreed upon and adhered to, and until a national federation was effected for unity of purpose and action. Let it be understood that the purpose of cooperators is for "no patch-work modification of present-day society, no infusion of a better spirit into old industrial forms. We cooperators are laying the foundation for a new industrial civilization."

Who were at the Congress the builders of this reorganized society of the future? W. C. Lansdon, national organizer of the Farmers' Cooperative and Educational Union, spoke for many thousands of farmers' organizations, which carry on an annual cooperative trade of five billion dollars. He spoke in no uncertain language. "There are six million farmers in the United States, all poor today. During the past three years, they have sold their crops for less than it cost to make them. However, after fifty years of groping around for some workable system of cooperative business, real progress is beginning to be made." The Danish system of cooperative marketing of farm products has been widely adopted recently. The fruit growers of California, the wheat growers of the North, South, and West, the cotton and tobacco growers of the South—about four hundred associations altogether, with nearly half a million members—have all bound themselves to pool and sell their entire product through non-profit cooperative associations.

Finance and credit are the backbone of business. Warren Stone and Walter McCaleb, president and manager, respectively, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Bank of Cleveland, believe in strengthening the backbone of cooperative business. The B. L. E. Bank, established in 1920 with resources of $650,000, in less than two years has increased its resources to $10,000,000. Eight other cooperative banks have been established during the past two years. Many more are being organized. McCaleb stated, "I am convinced that the destiny of the common man turns on economic mechanisms, not on politics. We must have a national banking law which will enable the people freely to organize fifty to one hundred thousand of these cooperative banks." Eighty-six people's banks, or credit unions as they are called in the United States, were reported in New York, eighty-two in Massachusetts, twenty in North Carolina. John Walker, president of the Central States Cooperative Wholesale Society as well as of the Illinois State Federation of Labor, reported that "one of the greatest advantages that can come from the cooperative movement is the development of the capacity of the workers to manage and to operate industry successfully themselves—a powerful factor in real industrial democracy."

Mayor Daniel Hoan of Milwaukee aroused enthusiastic interest by his description of cooperative housing in Milwaukee. This is the first large-scale attempt in an American municipality to meet the housing crisis on a strictly cooperative basis. Twenty-eight acres of land have been purchased; ninety homes are already nearing completion; a thousand, all told, will be built within the next year. Union labor has erected these houses, the different teams competing wholeheartedly on the job. Loans were obtained from the city, the county, and from individuals, at 5 per cent. The tenant members buy stock in the association, equivalent to the value of the property they are to occupy. They obtain a perpetual lease but do not have title to the property. For a home and garden valued at $4,500 they pay a monthly rent of $50 which is gradually reduced, as the loans are paid off, to $22. Through cooperation garden planning, parks and playgrounds, modern sewage and sanitation, and beautiful homes have been made possible.

From an idea of "locked-out" milk drivers to the most modern milk-distributing plant in the Northwest—that is the story of the Franklin Cooperative Creamery of Milwaukee. Six thousand shareholders, twenty-five thousand families, $700,000 in assets, and an annual business of one and a half million dollars—all this cooperative organization has developed in eighteen months. There cooperators, although distributing the purest milk at only ten cents a quart, are paying the farmers more than they ever received before. With each bottle of milk sent out by the manager goes this message: "Remember that in addition to its purity; in addition to the message it brings of health, strength, and energy, this milk-bottle brings a message of fair wages and decent working conditions, of industrial peace, a message of the future when service shall be the sole object of all business transactions." Encouraging stories of cooperative bakeries, restaurants, laundries, and stores were told, and of coal secured direct from the mines and sold to the consumers at a saving of more than $100,000 in eight years.

"Here is a group," said a keen observer, "who are buckling down to do the things the world needs to have done; simple deeds, yet behind the doing is the biggest idealism any of us are capable of. In this age when all of us are groping for the way out, most of us take it out in talking. But you couldn't sit in that Congress of the Cooperative League and not realize that the daily lives of these men and women are the translation into action, *here and now*, of their highest ideals."

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In the Driftway

CERTAIN educators recently have concerned themselves with the question of whether too many students could be or were being exposed to education. Certain protestants, including students themselves, have cried out against the exclusion of any students from any university except for mental incapacity. The Drifter, while admitting an opinion on these matters, is willing to keep it to himself at the present moment; but what he must express is his surprise that neither the educators nor the candidates for education have apparently thought it necessary to doubt the quality of the education offered.

* * * * *

WHEN the Drifter contemplates the responsibility of any educator, from the kindergarten to the graduate school, he turns pale and his knees knock together. Each child, before he has come in contact with any sort of school, has stored in the mysterious apartment of his mind countless impressions, habits, tricks of body and brain that make up the content of his memory. He has, however, practically no knowledge of the past; for him the world extends only as far as his eyes can see and his ears can hear and his feet can carry him. But it is from his knowledge and understanding of the past that he shall best learn how to live. The educator must open the door of human history. Within is all that is on record of men's thoughts and actions for six thousand years; not set out in orderly rows neatly catalogued for the student's perusal but inextricably tangled and interwoven and difficult of approach. The educator himself, of course, can know only a part of what is known; does he tell the student this? Does he ever even hint that truth lies beyond him and will in all likelihood lie beyond the student? Does he let the student see how stupendous, how terrifying the record of human experience must be? The Drifter has never known any educator to tremble on entering a classroom. Nor did avowals of fallibility ever fall upon his waiting ears.

* * * * *

IT is evident to the Drifter that the task students should set themselves is the overhauling of education. Instead of a university asking: Is this the kind of student we want? the student should inquire: Is this the sort of university I want? Shall I, while I am a student here, be instructed by a body of men and women whom fear of state, church, or trustees has tied into knots? Shall I be taught by men who have no time for contemplation, no contact with what other men have thought and are thinking, no zest for truth regardless of what the textbooks say, and, above all, no love for teaching me and my fellow-students? If so, let me get a profitable job as a plumber's assistant and acquire "culture" when I retire on a modest fortune at thirty-seven.

* * * * *

TRUTH cannot be sought too early. A child of four has as many contacts with reality and more chances of acquiring misinformation than an educator of sixty-four. And the pursuit of truth should never be abandoned. The Drifter speaks feelingly on this last point because a complaint has just reached his ears concerning a point of fact: it is alleged that in a recent Driftway he called a hepatica an anemone. After all, labels are at best arbitrary things with which truth has little to do.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 400 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

Our Lucid Intervals Attract Him

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That old gossip, E. S. Thomas, in his "Reminiscences of the Last Sixty-five Years"—part of which time he was editor of the Charleston *City Gazette*—has a reference to Rutledge, the "Dictator" of South Carolina, which fits in well with this renewal of my subscription to *The Nation*.

Thomas says: "The great John Rutledge . . . was by Washington appointed Chief Justice of the United States, and held one court in Philadelphia before it was discovered that he was subject to fits of insanity. . . . After John's fits of insanity had increased upon him, he was elected a member of the State Legislature upon the ground that if he had a lucid interval of a day he would do more for the general good in that period than any half dozen others could do during the session; he had the lucid interval, and did do it."

Because of its force and brilliancy during its lucid intervals I subscribe to the paper founded by Godkin, which I have read almost continually for thirty years. SMELFUNGUS

Columbia, S. C., September 27

Attention College Men!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I saw the following advertisement in the *World* of Friday, October 20, and I am sending it to you with the thought that the hikers referred to are more likely to read your columns than the advertisements in a newspaper:

ATTENTION COLLEGE MEN: WANTED two hikers, apparently college men, who ate in lunchroom between Wheeling, W. Va., and Zanesville, O., near Cambridge, about 5:30 a. m., June 27, while hiking to Columbus. They talked with an official of the United Mine Workers about impending labor trouble. These two young men can assist in saving lives of thirteen men. VITALLY IMPORTANT. If you do not know anything yourself pass this along. Telegraph at once collect to Earl Lewis, St. Clairsville, O.

New York, October 24 JULIA LESSER

The Birth Control Conference

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article by Mrs. Porritt in *The Nation* of August 30 on the International Birth Control Conference recently held in London contains errors which are surprising, as Mrs. Porritt is ordinarily a most careful and just writer. She says the "British birth-control movement is dominated by men"—an extraordinary statement in view of the fact that Dr. Marie C. Stopes is in many important respects the outstanding figure in the movement. But Dr. Stopes was not invited to take part in the London Conference, nor to have her society represented, until the eleventh hour, when the program was all arranged and participation would have meant simply being present.

Mrs. Porritt goes on to say that "the overwhelming majority of papers given at the conference were given by men," and that of the twelve gatherings only one was presided over by a woman, Margaret Sanger, who "alone brought the discussion in touch with the deeper realities of life, and throughout the conference she stood, as she stands in America, as the type and embodiment of woman's revolt against unlimited and irresponsible reproduction." Had Dr. Stopes been properly asked to take part, the balance of feminine and masculine contributions would have been more nearly representative of the birth-control movement, and Mrs. Sanger would by no means have stood

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alone in connecting the subject with the deeper realities of life, as it is that quality for which Dr. Stopes is preeminent.

Even if the Neo-Malthusian League could justly be assumed to be the whole British movement it would still be curious to forget the almost lifelong services of Alice Vickery Drysdale in her official connection with that League.

The conference can hardly be considered international, in any true sense, as the English Society for Constructive Birth Control was not included, nor was the American Voluntary Parenthood League invited to participate.

New York, September 2 MARY WARE DENNETT,
Director of the Voluntary Parenthood League

The Mark Goes Down

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Before postage mounts I want to give you the last news from our sorely tried country that you described so well in your summer articles. Conditions have changed sadly since then; the fall and the uncertainty of the value of the Reichsmark make every one feel as if things had come to an end. A workman's suit costs 40,000 mk., a pair of ladies' street shoes 10,000 mk., a pair of gloves 1,800 mk., a street dress from my tailor 50,000 mk., a hat 30,000 mk., and so on to the end of the list. Food is in proportion, milk 48 mk. a liter, so we are suddenly worse off than Austria, where the change came slowly.

No one can foretell what will happen, but at the best the dark outlook seems to mean revolution. The harvest was most unsatisfactory, except in the small district that surrounds us. Fruit is plentiful, but the freights are so high that it does not pay to send it to town and all that is necessary to enrich the fields is very scarce. We are quickly dividing into two parties, those that have and those that have not. All hope seems to have died except in the ranks of the profiteers.

Talent is being crushed out of our day, for it cannot develop under present conditions. I feel it would be better to club together and give five dollars a month to intellectuals than to send such great sums for public distribution. The cheap bread is already given to those who have 30,000 mk. income, a proof that this sum, that formerly meant affluence, is now inadequate. Today the mark has again fallen, and even while I am writing prices are rising.

Uffing am Staffelsee, Bavaria, September 29 K. H.

[On September 29 the mark was quoted at $0.0006. Its present value is approximately $0.0002.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

A Protest from Liberia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The general discussion in Liberia at present is that if the United States Senate passes the loan agreement it will be a record of a lasting disgrace on America's honor in the eyes of the nations of the world, the people of Liberia having met at Grand Bassa and passed resolutions denouncing the acts of President King and also having denounced the said loan agreement as violating the Liberian constitution. If America is the protector of small nations would it not be better for her to make a present to Liberia of, say, $3,000,000, and take her hands out of making Liberia an American colony in West Africa and thereby violating the Monroe Doctrine? And will not Great Britain and France also be justified in violating the Monroe Doctrine by seizing Haiti or Cuba? America is buying Liberia with $5,000,000 and is not counting the consequence. Will not the commissioners have to live in Liberia? If they beat, rape, murder, or even commit larceny they are immune from arrest. Would immunity work in both directions? Shame on America forcing by might on a tiny republic her loan entirely inconsistent with the constitution! America showed her hands too far by giving President King a salary of $23,000 per year.

Monrovia, Liberia, August 19 A. H. BUTLER, SR.

Mrs. Eddy and the Quimby MSS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall be grateful for the privilege of commenting upon a review of "The Quimby Manuscripts" appearing in the August 23 issue of *The Nation* in which the question is raised as to the origin and teaching of the Christian Science religion, as set forth in the writings of Mary Baker Eddy. As to the claims advanced by the editor of this volume certain outstanding facts should be carefully considered. The editor, Horatio W. Dresser, is an avowed antagonist of Mrs. Eddy who, in company with his father and George A. Quimby, son of Phineas P., has long endeavored to discredit her teachings and capitalize the controversy which has centered for almost half a century around the alleged writings of the elder Quimby. During this period the manuscripts have been persistently peddled among both friends and foes of Christian Science and at various times offered for sale to the Christian Science Board of Directors, but this Board has not considered them of sufficient importance to justify the expenditure. Such constant effort on the part of the owners to find a profitable market for their literary wares hardly squares with Mr. Dresser's statement that the manuscripts have been purposely withheld waiting the public's preparedness to receive them.

It is worthy of note that the publication of the Quimby documents should have been delayed until after the passing away of Mrs. Eddy, and it is also significant that when the owners were given an opportunity in 1883 to have their validity passed upon by the courts they were withheld. What is more, five years later, following an attack openly made upon her by Julius A. Dresser, Mrs. Eddy publicly offered to defray the cost of publication, provided it could be proved that the alleged manuscripts were Quimby's original writings. Her offer was not accepted and to this day it has not been established whether the manuscripts contained in the book under discussion are the originals or copies of doubtful accuracy which George A. Quimby testified were made by himself and others. On this the following excerpt from an article by Dr. Lyman P. Powell in the Cambridge History of American Literature has a direct and important bearing: "Christian Science as it is today is really its founder's creation. Where she got this idea, or where that, little matters. As a whole the system described in 'Science and Health' is hers, and nothing that can ever happen will make it less than hers." Dr. Powell is an Episcopal minister, formerly president of Hobart College and at the time of examining the manuscripts he was strongly opposed to Christian Science. Moreover, most conclusive evidence that Quimby's writings were not the source of Mrs. Eddy's inspired religious teachings comes direct from the pen of her accusers. For instance, George A. Quimby states: "As far as the book of 'Science and Health' is concerned, Mrs. Eddy had no access to father's manuscripts when she wrote it. The religion which she teaches is certainly hers." And again, he writes: "A word or two about Mrs. Eddy. No one, least of all myself, disputes her claim that she is the originator of Christian Science."

As to his mode of treatment Quimby used manipulation and suggestion, while Mrs. Eddy relied wholly upon the prayer of spiritual understanding. His sponsors now claim, however, that in his last years he progressed out of the use of hypnotic and manipulative methods; but unfortunately there is no reliable evidence on which to base such conclusions. Letters on file in my office from those who took treatment from him just prior to his death emphatically state that it was his custom to dip his hands in water and then manipulate the patient's stomach and head. To contend that such methods bear the slightest resemblance to Christian Science treatment is but to acknowledge one's total ignorance of the teachings and practice of this religion.

New York, September 6 CHARLES E. HEITMAN,
Christian Science Committee on Publication

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Books

An Ambassador to England

The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page. By Burton J. Hendrick. Doubleday, Page and Company. Two volumes. $10.

THE voice of a man is heard in these letters: a genuine, wholehearted, enthusiastic, charming man; of facile rather than of profound intelligence, of that comfortable mentality that can reach an absolute conclusion and shape a course accordingly untroubled by conflicting testimony. To many of Mr. Page's opinions one cannot subscribe, but disagreement with his views does not carry with it a denial of the interest and historic importance of the letters which he wrote during his ambassadorship at the Court of Saint James's. On at least two occasions President Wilson showed his appreciation of them by remarking that some day they ought to be published; and certainly their publication is welcome.

Page grew up in the South in the years immediately following the Civil War. He became one of the first group of fellows at the newly organized Johns Hopkins University, where he studied under Professor Gildersleeve and quickly became impatient with the philological aspects of classical scholarship. He turned to journalism and became the editor of the *Forum* and then of the *Atlantic*. From that position he went into the business of publishing. His work as editor and publisher brought him into touch with many of the leading minds of the United States. He was for years deeply interested in educational problems, especially in the South, while his other great concern was for the betterment of agricultural methods and the improvement of the physical, mental, and social condition of the rural population of the country. He was a member of Mr. Roosevelt's Country Life Commission, and it was his knowledge of the miserable health of the "Crackers" of his native State, North Carolina, that finally led the Rockefeller Foundation to battle against the ravages of the "hookworm" disease.

Page and Woodrow Wilson were in frequent contact for thirty years, and Wilson contributed often to the periodicals which Page edited. He was attracted by Wilson's individuality and literary powers, though he was not unaware of his temperamental deficiencies. Page was acutely conscious of the need of new leadership in the Democratic Party and by 1910 was among those who were urging the president of Princeton to seize the great opportunity afforded by the governorship of New Jersey as a stepping-stone to the Presidency. The memoranda which he submitted to Wilson in November, 1912, are noteworthy. It was Page who first suggested the substitution of addresses to Congress for the customary messages. The matters with which Page deals have to do entirely with domestic problems; he and the President were alike unaware of the tremendous problems of international policy that were to loom up in the near future. It was generally expected that Page would be offered a place in Wilson's Cabinet; and indeed it was only by chance that he was not made Secretary of the Interior. He became instead Ambassador to Great Britain. Throughout his term he was *persona gratissima*, enjoying relations of intimate friendliness and confidence with Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Balfour. He was supremely confident in Wilson's leadership, though already he sensed the solitariness and remoteness of his chief.

Page's blind admiration of many English characteristics did not interfere with his amused recognition of the foibles of the society in which he moved, and the earlier letters contain vivid pictures of pre-war conditions in England, the intense conservatism of the people, their complacency, their lack of what Americans consider the essential conveniences of life. He acknowledged that they were socially undemocratic, that they stooped to dickering in trade, that they stole continents with "unctuous rectitude," that there was "something servile" in the English mind. During this first year and a half Page contributed his share toward the solution of the two great problems of American international policy: the Mexican question and the question of the Panama tolls. Page, an intimate friend of Kipling, was a thorough believer in the doctrine of the "white man's burden." His first disagreement with the President came over the Mexican situation, for he was convinced of the necessity of intervention. On the other hand he attempted to convince the British Foreign Office of the disinterestedness of the American policy toward Mexico, citing the parallel cases of our treatment of Cuba and the Philippines (about which no shadow of doubt crossed his mind) and noting that "the English do not and will not believe in any unselfish public action—further than the keeping of order." His statesmanship rises to a higher level in the matter of the Panama tolls; he knew that the United States was in the wrong and by argument and persuasion he used all his influence to bring Mr. Wilson to his point of view, while realizing that Wilson was fettered by the notorious plank in the Democratic platform of 1912. When the tolls were finally repealed the Ambassador's satisfaction was intense, and he records the fact that at no previous period of Anglo-American relations had the prestige of the United States stood so high.

The keystone of his policy was the desire to bring the United States and Great Britain to a closer understanding. He urged upon the State Department the need to cultivate the conventions and courtesies of international intercourse. The letters afford frequent illustrations of the harsh, rasping, lawyer-like communications which passed from Washington to Downing Street and which Page was several times obliged to soften in phraseology before transmitting. The limits of his statesmanship are apparent when we understand that at the basis of this desired close cooperation was the doctrine that the two countries, acting in common and backed by their combined navies, could rule the world. He asks: "What are we going to do with this England . . . presently, when economic forces unmistakably put the leadership of the race in our hands?" Note the use of the word "race" with the Kiplingesque intimation that other peoples are "lesser breeds without the law." Were the President to visit England, he writes in August, 1913, "the old Earth would sit up and rub its eyes and take notice to whom it belongs." And again: "Only the British and the United States have secure liberty. They have also the most treasure, the best fighters, the most land, the most ships—the future in fact." And once more: "*We* must lead. We are natural leaders." Page never reached a really continental and cosmopolitan outlook, and save for a few mild tributes to France he speaks well of no European nation.

He was conscious of the ominous hush in Europe in the spring of 1914 and followed anxiously the course of Colonel House's secret peace mission in May and June. In Berlin the military leaders tried to keep House from a private interview with the Kaiser, and when that interview was at last gained nothing was accomplished. Wilhelm told the President's representative: "We are ready." In afterdays Colonel House believed that the Kaiser's personal responsibility for the war was small and that he was in the hands of the army chiefs. He left Berlin with the impression that the Germans were "impossible," and proceeding to Paris found France in the throes of the Caillaux murder trial and of domestic politics. Thence he went to England, where the political leaders greeted him courteously but expressed their incredulity as to the possibility of war.

Then came the crash, and the letters contain many glimpses of England under the stress of war. In August, 1914, Page wrote to Wilson: "I shall never forget Sir Edward Grey's telling me of the ultimatum—while he wept; nor the poor German Ambassador who has lost in his high game—almost a demented man; nor the King as he declaimed at me for half an hour and threw up his hands and said, 'My God, Mr. Page, what else could we do?'; nor the Austrian Ambassador's wringing his hands and weeping and crying out, 'My dear Colleague, my dear Colleague.'"

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Page's mind was at once made up; though preserving a perfectly correct diplomatic demeanor he was never "neutral in thought"; he was convinced that Germany had deliberately made a ruthless onslaught on civilization. In letter after letter he brings this view home to the President and Colonel House. His relations with the State Department became more difficult. He had already suffered from embarrassing "leaks" of highly confidential information. The leaks and silences and indiscretions and bad manners forced Page to communicate directly with Wilson and House; to the Department he sent only routine reports. For Bryan he had some personal fondness but he thought him farcical as Secretary of State. The Department ignored Page's important communications, failed to answer pressing questions, and nagged him constantly over petty details. The long and difficult controversy over British hindrances to American trade was intensely distasteful, and when Lansing properly ordered him to present a fifth demand for recognition of the Declaration of London by the British Page threatened to resign.

When the submarine war was begun he advocated an immediate diplomatic break with Germany as soon as a *casus belli* had been presented by the destruction of American lives and property. He remained convinced till his death that the mere breaking off of relations in 1915 or even 1916 would have sufficed to force Germany to terms; the long postponement of definite action by the United States gave Germany the opportunity to build her new submarine fleet, and when America at length entered the war the downfall of Russia had given Germany new hope. The sinking of the Lusitania marked in a measure the parting of the ways between Mr. Wilson and his Ambassador. Their views as to the origin of the war were divergent; with the President's grasp of the remoter economic causes Page had no sympathy, lacking as he did Wilson's philosophic temperament and detached position. His outspoken advice was unwelcome; no longer did Wilson write as formerly: "Your words are a lamp unto my feet." Silently and impassively the President listened to Colonel House's reading of Page's impassioned arguments for a rupture. From the White House came only the most perfunctory acknowledgments. In 1916 Page offered his resignation, which, however, the President could not bring himself to accept. But even after America was at war Mr. Wilson's distrust of his representative continued: "Page is more British than the British," he said. An illuminating episode is that of Page's plan to have a group of distinguished Americans, headed by Mr. Taft, proceed to England to lecture on American ideals and purposes and in general "to bring the two countries closer together." The President declared flatly to Mr. Taft that he did not think such an approximation desirable, that he did not wish America's aims in the war to be confused with England's, that there were many things in British policy of which he disapproved, and that, in sum, he forbade the expedition.

Page's cocksure Americanism did not disappear in his last years. Examples could be multiplied. One will suffice: "As we get reports of what you [the United States] are doing, it's most cheerful. I assure you, God has yet made nothing or nobody equal to the American people; and I don't think He ever will or can." A like shallowness is shown in Page's speculations as to the problems of the peace. He advises England to "adopt American methods of manufacture, and the devil take the hindmost." He believes that in ten years' time "most of this suffering will be a mere memory" and he visualizes "governments reorganized and liberalized; men made more efficient; . . . life going on much the same as it did before." "The unparalleled addition to the world's heroic deeds will be to the good of mankind. . . . The survivors will be in an heroic mood for the rest of their lives." At an earlier date, July, 1915, it was given him to see more clearly: "Peace," he writes, "whenever it may come, will bring problems as bad as the problems of the war itself. I can think of no worse task than the long conferences of the Allies with their conflicting interests and ambitions. Then must come the conferences with the enemy. Then there are sure to be other conferences to try to make the peace secure. And, of course, many are going to be dissatisfied and disappointed, and perhaps out of these disappointments other wars may come. The world will not take up its knitting and sit quietly by the fire for many a year to come."

Page lived barely long enough to see the end of the war. He died, worn out by excitement and arduous duties, in December, 1918.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Knights Errant

Don Rodrigues. By Lord Dunsany. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.
The Wind Bloweth. By Donn Byrne. The Century Company. $2.
Millions. By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

EVEN the most convinced of Lord Dunsany's admirers will be compelled to admit that in "Don Rodrigues" he is not at his best. All the elements of matter and manner which should give the glamor of romance are there, but these "Chronicles" are still-born. The scene laid in the Golden Age of Spain with all the paraphernalia of gloomy castles and mysterious inns, the chivalrous hero in search of adventure, the style, rich, sonorous, and laden with words incrusted with the romantic associations of ages—these are the tried and true elements which have gone to the making of centuries of romance, and the author obviously intended them to body forth the very essence of the romantic spirit; yet the result is cold.

No other book of this writer has revealed so glaringly his essential defect although the same defect is apparent in all his work. The soul of a legend is the spirit of a folk and Lord Dunsany is fatally literary. No doubt his tales of wonder are in a broad way characteristic of the spirit of the people among whom he and his ancestors have lived, yet the most striking thing about all his work is how little it is either Irish or English. His whole flavor is synthetic rather than national, the result of an artificial combination of romantic elements and hence fatally deficient in the raciness of all good legend. In spite of all the popularity which he has obtained and in spite of his great ingenuity he will probably fail to leave any great impression upon literature because his work is too much pastiche and is too little rooted in any national temperament.

It is just the folk twang lacking in the work of Lord Dunsany but present in that of Donn Byrne which gives charm to "The Wind Bloweth," the tale of a Scots-Irish lad's search over the Seven Seas for the meaning of life. This new story by the author of "Messer Marco Polo" is not powerful. Indeed, there are times when the invention is feeble and there are incidents like that of the sentimental prostitute of Marseilles which are tawdrily conventional, but whenever Mr. Byrne draws from the poetic soul of his race he covers everything with a misty charm derived from old deep-rooted things. The nearer he is to the soil the better is his work, and hence it is in the first part, the story of a boyhood, that he is at his best. Here matter and manner are exquisitely blended. The language is poetized no doubt, but it is racy with the twang of folk idiom, and the characters, from the sportsman uncle to the old woman dreaming of past glories, are delightful embodiments of a temperament and a standard of values tremendously different from ours but tremendously appealing nevertheless, of the mind credulous because poetically hungry for wonders and restless because thirsty for adventure.

It is no mere quaintness of speech or habit which underlies the charm of these characters or of the story; it is rather a philosophy of life. The good which they are seeking above all else is not the righteousness of the Puritan nor the possessions of the Philistine; it is the full flavor of life. "Adventure isn't in the quick fist and the nimble foot," says one, "it's in the hungry heart and the itching mind." Uncle Alan, who sailed

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with Franklin, best expresses the faith. "'Twas a grand thing they did," he says, "to find the channel o' trade. But me I went to find the North Pole, with the white bear by the side of it, like you see in the story books. And I never got within the length of Ireland o' 't! Trade, aye: but what's trade to me? It's an unco place, the world."

To live life for its color and flavor and not for its achievement is to be a poet, and Mr. Byrne makes it credible from time to time that poets live. His hero voyages far and at the end of his life wonders what he has achieved, but the unvoiced comment of the author is simply this: ripeness is all. No very original philosophy it is true—yet Mr. Byrne gives it the concreteness of a local habitation. He succeeds in conveying the impression not that he has imposed it upon his characters from without, but that at least a spark of this noble faith did indeed lie at the bottom of the Celtic temperament and give to it that certain charm which it has.

To catch the romance of the past is no doubt easier than to catch that of today. Ernest Poole's "Millions" does not achieve the more difficult task. His story tells how a young girl came from a remote hamlet to New York and how, catching a glimpse of the power and glory of the city, she resolved to throw herself into the torrent of modern life and live greatly. It is a good theme, for modern life has, of course, its romance and its glamor, but here, as in his other books, Mr. Poole falls short because of a certain inadequacy in his spiritual vision. He is too little robust to achieve beauty and too "nice" to be strong. When his heroine looks down upon the city she dwindles away and becomes not a great adventuring spirit but merely another of those young ladies who come by the hundreds for a summer on Morningside Heights and rejoice as they look down from the bus top that they are seeing life. In some such manner Mr. Poole's conceptions have always petered out and he has always disappointed the hopes which we have had for him. Often near achievement, he nevertheless spoils all with a certain spiritual complacency, with what might unkindly be called the Chautauqua touch.

J. W. KRUTCH

The End of a Nobility

La Noblesse de France et l'Opinion Publique au XVIIIe siècle. By Henri Carré. Paris: Champion.

THIS book by the Dean of the Faculty of Letters of the University of Poitiers has an unexpected bearing on history. He neither theorizes nor remarks on it by the way, but his facts orderly and complete though unarrayed, show the utter breakdown in a single revolution of what had been an essential part of the organization of the French people for a thousand years. As political and social machinery, the nobility of France ceased to exist. Whatever survival there has been goes little beyond society ornament.

Thus we have an object-lesson in the natural death of a social class which lived chiefly by the exercise of political dominance. The violence of the revolution was the social and political hurricane sweeping away that which had come to encumber the ground.

The author gives no sign of political faith of his own. He shows at most some sympathy with individuals of the class in their measureless disaster, but he spares them not one instance of the tragic or comic worthlessness of many of their number or of their inefficient, useless, and progressively harmful character as a political class. This should be noted to avoid the impression that such a book must be a plea for or against the revolution. It may be the basis of such a plea. The wise historian does not dispute with a tempest but leaves that for politicians.

The book has 650 well-filled large octavo pages, including thirty-two pages of Index of Names and twenty-two of Bibliography. Its multiplicity of authenticated instances, while documentary in as true a sense as the strictly political work of Aulard, approaches Herbert Spencer's ideal of science as a classification of facts. The author applied the same method in his first book (1888) and in the mate of the present volume (1912) on the End of Parliaments—that higher judicial machinery of the old regime of which the revolution has left scarcely a trace. Tocqueville, following a more compendious method, expounded the administrative side of government in his short book on the old regime. He had been bred up in administration, which in France has survived all revolutions, and Lord Acton who read everything said that Tocqueville's book was the one least affected by more recent documentary studies. It is an excellence of Dean Carré's multiplication of instances that they illustrate so completely the end of the nobility of France, which is a fact of history, no matter how it is explained socially or politically.

In reality, there is and there must be substantial agreement as to the fact and the manner of its happening. Condorcet at the time said that the bourgeois and lettered classes, having suffered much from the distinctions with which the nobles were endowed, entered long before the revolution on "a war of self-love" against them—and the revolution was "the decisive battle of this war."

The revolution was something more which Condorcet did not live to appreciate at its true value. It was partly the outcome of the vital dissension of the poor or country nobility from the nobility of the Court, which had more and more become a nobility of finance, the finances being largely royal or state revenues drained from middle-class property-holders and the little people. And there was the land-hunger of peasants tilling the soil which often belonged to land-poor nobles. Thus the machinery which the nobility had so long furnished to the social organism was working uncertainly and with constant friction, exhausting the community's resources for the benefit of the few and accomplishing little else. Royalty, which had first absorbed this privileged nobility into its Court, was caught up with it in the common and irremediable destruction.

It is a merit of our author that he keeps steadily to this clear vision of his subject, which he treats historically but not as a continuous history. He begins with 128 pages of a Description of the Nobility as a Social Class:

"France of the eighteenth century was nominally divided among three orders—clergy, nobility, third estate. In reality, there were only the class of nobles and the class of commoners, churchmen being divided between the two. But, different as these two classes were at first sight, they were not two Frances opposed to each other but each drew near and penetrated the other. . . . No doubt, the high nobility was the object of particular consideration, but the rest of the nobles was far from being sharply and forever separate from commoners. . . . Nobility was defined legally as a quality which the sovereign power imprinted on individuals so as to place them and their descendants above other citizens—and this quality implied for the nobles rank and privileges and prerogatives, and obligations also from which they could not free themselves without ceasing to be noble."

It was popular experience of such a privileged class which left, after its violent abolition by the revolution, that fierce demand for equality rather than liberty so characteristic of French democracy in contrast with England and the United States. Even the French anarchists of these later years have had for their formula—"None shall be better than I"—which their Spanish companions, with the illusion that all Castilians are hidalgos, translated—"I shall be as good as anyone."

This description of the nobility explains its various categories—nobles by race or extraction, by royal letters, by office, by acquisition of fiefs, with military, municipal, and foreign nobility, all of whom played their part dovetailing into the social organism of France in the century preceding the revolution. Voltaire thought this "prodigious number . . . cheapened the old nobility without lifting up the new," but Montesquieu declared for the acquiring of nobility with money—"since this or that govern-

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ment may find it useful." This merging of aristocracy in a plutocracy of the Court, the *ploutos* being derived from state privileges, helped more than all else to bring about the French Revolution.

In the early revolution, the chemist Lavoisier, who was to be its victim quite like any noble, estimated the number of individuals belonging to noble families at 80,000. Sieyès, maker of new constitutions, after long calculations reached the figure of 110,000 and Taine thinks 130,000 more probable. At the time Cerutti—"To the King, on Aristocrats"—maintained there were 400,000 French citizens more or less noble and, from the other side, the Marquis de Bouillé accepted this number in consideration of the "4,000 civil offices which give and transmit nobility and the letters of nobility granted daily by the king."

Odious privilege purchasable by finance with money oftenest drawn from state taxes and functions thus set court nobles against the country nobles who were little more than the gentlemen farmers of France, without lessening the grievances and desires of the peasants or the social rancor and ambition of the middle classes. A chapter which our author has entirely made up like all his chapters of instances—"the social pace, ruin, and mendicity of the great"—brings out in relief and detail what was seen obscurely in the "Tale of Two Cities" by Dickens and narrowly by Carlyle, and not at all by Burke.

A second large section of the book takes up the Evolution of Public Opinion concerning the nobles and the Evolution of Nobility itself. Nobles willing to do something went into commerce—the nobility of Santo Domingo—and they had always been foremost in the army. In their family relations they were too often "without conjugal fidelity or education for their children," and their relations with literature and the stage, with speculators and gamblers, often resulted in judicial scandals and public outbreaks.

"Theories of equality were being spread abroad at the same time by churchmen and admirers of Greek or Roman antiquity, by writing reformers and by those affiliated to Freemasonry. . . . With 'Anglomania' simplicity became the fashion and this was bound to lead to equality. . . . When Lafayette came back from America he took care to show his belief in the equality of rights among citizens of the same country. In 1783 there was seen, posted up in his Paris house, the American Declaration of Rights while an empty space alongside let it be understood that he awaited the Declaration of Rights for France. . . . From top to bottom of society, the talk was of equality—but the great had hopes of remaining so, the bourgeois of bringing the great to their own level, and tradesmen of no longer seeing the bourgeois ranked higher than themselves. . . . Scarcely were the States General assembled when Malouet said to Target, in the section of the Third Estate—'So it is your intention to destroy the nobility?'—'Yes, surely,' was the answer."

All this, with innumerable instances but rare comment, makes up half the thick book. The rest covers the War on Nobility and what became of the *ci-devant* nobles between 1800 and 1815 when Napoleon was recasting the French people in the mold that still more or less endures. This part of the work runs parallel with known histories of the French Revolution. Even here the peculiar method of our author, massing instances with particular names and testimonies for each heading in time and law of the Abolition of Nobility, distinguishes his work and gives it historical value. The first and last sentences of his 5 pages of Conclusion are noteworthy:

"If public opinion which had been favorable to the nobility became, in the eighteenth century, violently hostile to it, the responsibility has to be shared among royalty, nobility, and third estate. . . . Although Napoleon showed to what account nobles can be turned, prejudices against nobility have remained so living that, in the distribution of public offices a century after Napoleon, it is still at times a disqualification to be a noble."

STODDARD DEWEY

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Settlements

The Settlement Horizon: A National Estimate. By Robert A. Woods and Albert J. Kennedy. Russell Sage Foundation. $3.

IT is through the settlement that many a foreigner is initiated into the life of the neighborhood in which he lives, and it is through the settlement that a neighborhood may gradually develop its common life, recognize its common interests, and be initiated into the larger community of the city and the State.

In accomplishing these purposes the five hundred settlements of this country have evolved many kinds of machinery varying from English classes and day nurseries to art exhibits and political organizations. Transplanted from England the American settlement has had to adapt itself to Southern mill towns, the shifting population of the East Side Ghetto, the independent second generation of the Middle West, and the group of poverty-stricken mental subnormals. There has been little of strictly settlement technique developed; that which unites the settlement movement is rather a common spirit.

Mr. Woods and Mr. Kennedy as joint secretaries of the National Federation of Settlements for the past ten years have been brought in very close touch with the American settlement movement, and in their book present an extremely interesting and comprehensive treatment of the settlement. This study was initiated at the suggestion of a representative group of fellow-workers, and the result is a description of settlement activities and a much-needed statement of the principles behind the movement. With an extensive Appendix the volume constitutes almost an encyclopedia on the American settlement.

How the rapid spread of community chests may affect the settlement movement Mr. Woods and Mr. Kennedy omit to state. It may be that it is too early to predict. Already settlements in many Mid-Western cities are face to face with this new development in financing social work.

WALTER W. PETTIT

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1922 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Friday, December 1, and not later than Saturday, December 30, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 14, 1923.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

"Aimer"

THE best tradition of the modern French drama is that of the quiet, analytical play which seeks to exhaust a moral and psychological situation. This tradition may almost be called the tradition of Porto-Riche. Wherever a modern French playwright abandons the noisy, the theatrical, the falsely tense, there is some trace in his work of the beneficent influence of "Amoureuse." There are not very many of these dramas. The boulevards demand the crackle of technique and the flare of astonishing events. The sturdy Becque had no disciples; the tradition of Porto-Riche is shy and quiet. They gave the terrible Bataille a public funeral and his "La Tendresse" is now running at the Empire. "Amoureuse," on the contrary, failed here; so did "Les Hannetons"; "Le Pardon" has never been attempted; I am not sure that anything but the consciousness of virtue will reward Miss Grace George for her admirable production of Paul Géraldy's "Aimer" (Bijou Theater).

It was amusing to listen to chance comments on the play. "Oh, only three people in it?" This with an inflection of disappointment and wonder. "So she doesn't go off with him!" The undertone here meant: "A French play, and not even a little immoral? Then what was the use"? On the side of the fable the audience never operates with the concepts true and false or profound and shallow; always with the concepts moral and immoral. On the side of taste it wants the shockingly sweet or the slightly rancid. A French play should have a touch of *haut gout*. These are the people who prefer Kipling to Wordsworth and Service to Kipling and gin to Burgundy.

For all these reasons one is glad to see "Aimer." It isn't a great play. It is deep and true and sincere. It doesn't leap over sea and land; it doesn't explode. It sticks to the common, necessary, inevitable, and tries to understand that. How

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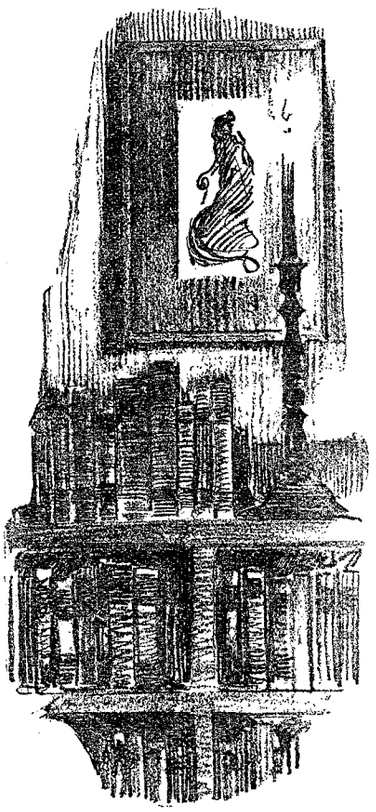

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salutary that is both in itself and as a discipline for our audiences! Géraldy hasn't much of a story to tell. But his story is of the last importance. It concerns love. That sounds trite and even mawkish until one remembers the patent fact that love is the worst understood of human things and that the word is used partly as a fetish and partly as a rough and delusive name for a thousand passions and emotions that have as yet no name. To limit, to define, to understand, to name but one of these in its real nature—what sounder and more profoundly helpful aim can any piece of writing have?

Hélène loves her husband. He has shaped her mind and molded her character. But there is left a touch of human, of pagan wildness in her. Neither love nor marriage is an absolute safeguard. There is no absolute safeguard. The moral world is a world of wild and unexpected adventure, for the heart of man, in Schnitzler's profound analogy, is "a wide domain" in which exist side by side the strangest, the most irreconcilable impulses and passions. So Hélène is dazzled, intoxicated, shaken through her imagination and her senses to the soul itself by Challange. They plan to flee. Henri, the husband, does not act. For all action here is futile. You cannot coerce the soul; you can only imprison the body. But at the core of her mind Hélène has always known that she will stay. "There is so little love in that kind of love." Life becomes closely woven. If the yarn was of the very quality of the souls who spun the web, that web becomes a garment without which there can be nothing but nakedness thereafter. Other garments may seem bright and alluring. This one fits. But the felicity of this action and ending does not consist in the fact, as a distinguished reviewer notes, that it is moral, but that it is, in this case, profoundly true.

Miss George, who has made her own competent translation of the play, gives a performance of very human warmth and beauty. She has shed the hardness and glitter which she has affected so much during recent years. She melts, but never, after the common manner of emotional actresses, too completely. Her Hélène has intelligence, insight, charm. Mr. Robert Warwick is a little cold and factitious; Mr. Norman Trevor, on the other hand, gives one of the best performances of his varied and unequal career. He has genuine spiritual earnestness; his perfectly static projection of inner suffering is thoroughly good. I could see "Aimer" again. If that is very personal praise, it is, at all events, very rare and high.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Next week The Nation *will publish in the series These United States, Basil Thompson's article* Louisiana: (Madame de la Louisiane).

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International Relations Section

Another Famine Year in Russia

CAPTAIN PAXTON HIBBEN, executive secretary of the American Committee for the Relief of Russian Children, after observations in Russia covering a period of several months has submitted a report to the committee on the present Russian economic situation and the results of the last harvest. Extracts from the report follow.

Official Crop Reports

There have been conflicting statements of the crop prospects in Russia, ranging from the prediction that the Russians would be able to export grain this fall to the contention that in many districts conditions during the coming winter would be worse than during the past winter. . . . The following information, furnished by Leo Kamenev, head of the All-Russian Central Famine Relief Committee, may be taken as reasonably accurate:

"A crop failure is expected in northwestern Russia, in some of the Volga and the Ural governments. In the northwest, the failure has been due to a cold, rainy spring, accompanied by floods affecting 35 to 50 per cent of the sown acreage. In these districts the net grain crop per head is estimated as follows:

State	Rural Population	Net yield per head pounds
Petrograd	709,000	224.2
Tver	1,144,000	241.2
Pskov	1,623,000	241.2
Novgorod	796,000	363.6
Smolensk	1,844,000	428.4
Olonetz	2,002,000	270.0
Karelian Republic	113,000	242.2
	8,231,000	

As the above grain yield includes both forage for cattle and food for man, the insufficiency of the crop is evident. In these districts the acreage under cultivation is only from 50 to 60 per cent of the pre-war acreage. In the following districts, also, there is a crop failure, as indicated:

Tartar Republic	2,638,000	280.8
Astrakhan	244,000	108.0
Votsky	634,000	288.0
	3,516,000	

In the following districts the crop, while not a failure, shows a serious shortage, as indicated:

Bashkir	1,269,000	360.0
Voronezh	3,154,000	525.6
Viatka	2,052,000	417.6
Mahr	300,000	464.4
Riazan	2,156,000	539.2
Samara	2,821,000	385.2
Ufa	2,009,000	403.2
Cheliabinsk	1,341,000	410.4
Chuvash	758,000	457.2
	15,860,000	

In districts with a total *rural* population of 27,607,000, the crop shortage is so serious as to reduce the grain production to famine rations for man and beast. The official report states:

"It should be borne in mind that the population of the above districts was in the clutches of famine in 1921 and was in starving condition in 1920 as well. As a result, they have now exhausted all their food and economic resources. The poultry and smaller live stock have been eaten by the population during the recent hunger years. A large proportion of the cattle, including both horses and milch cows, have also been slaughtered. This situation will make it necessary to furnish seed to the population of the above states in 1923. Moreover, food relief will have to be extended to every district in which the grain yield has been less than 360 pounds per head. There are such districts in every one of the above states, even where the average yield for the whole state is above 360 pounds.

"Relief must also be furnished to those who are sick as the result of the famine of 1921, as well as to the famine orphans. Of the latter there are between 500,000 and 600,000. The number of those requiring relief in the Volga and Ural districts may be estimated at 4,137,000, in the northwest at 965,000, a total of 5,102,000, exclusive of the famine orphans mentioned above."

These are the official figures, so far as they could be obtained. They do not include the Ukraine or the Crimea, where conditions are at present the worst in Russia. . . .

Observations of Relief Workers

In order to check these official statements of food conditions by personal inspection, I visited Samara, Saratov, Simbirsk, Kazan and Viatka, in the Volga region; Pskov, Smolensk, Novgorod, and Vitebsk, in the northwest; Riazan and Penza in the "Black Earth" country, and obtained direct, personal reports by American observers from the Ukraine and the Crimea. In all, I personally inspected seventy-eight villages, for the most part at a distance of at least a day's journey from railway communications. I also consulted with workers in the field of the All-Russian Central Famine Relief Committee, the Russian Red Cross, the American Relief Administration, the American Friends' Service Committee, the Nansen Committee, the Swedish and Dutch Red Cross Societies, the International Workers' Aid Committee, and with various local relief committees and with village officials. I was entirely unhampered in this investigation by official interference of any kind.

The field workers of the Quakers with whom I talked in Buzluk County, state of Samara, expressed the conviction, confirmed by the other foreign relief workers in the field, that conditions this coming winter in the Volga and Ural famine areas would be worse than last winter because, as they explained, what hidden reserves of grain there had been a year ago had long since been wholly exhausted, and because most of the live stock, including even cats and dogs, had either died from lack of food or had been killed and eaten by the peasants last winter, and therefore no longer constituted a food resource. In this opinion Dr. Eckstrand, of the Swedish Red Cross in Samara, shared; while Dr. Gorter, of the Dutch Red Cross, and Dr. Gorwin, representing the Nansen organization, held the same view. American Relief Administration workers have admitted the need for continued aid, especially for children and in the Ukraine and the Crimea. Dr. Oleg A. Vistis, head of the field work of the Russian Red Cross, declared that in much of the Volga country famine conditions this coming winter would result in a greater death toll than last, as the resistance of the peasants to disease had so decreased with the long struggle that thousands will fall easy victims to malaria and typhus. . . .

It was the observation of most relief workers with whom I talked, and my own as well, that the lowering of the morale of the Russian peasants by the long strain of war, revolution, civil conflict, and now famine, constitutes the greatest peril to the country. The feeling that effort is of no avail, that the hand of fate is against them, is unquestionably growing among these unhappy people. The psychological effect of a hot, dry winter in Samara and the neighboring country, and a June and July when the temperature reached 110 degrees Fahrenheit, was so

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strong as to discourage all planting this fall in this area. The peasants asked themselves seriously if it were worth while to continue to try to cultivate the land, and the feeling of depression was general and alarming.

Conditions in the Ukraine

Reports from the Ukraine and the Crimea have been, generally, more disquieting than those even from the Volga and Ural regions. . . . In the northern part of the Ukraine, Dr. George Stewart, Jr., representing the American Committee for Relief of Russian Children, . . . found a large number of refugees from the country districts concentrated at the railway stations, without food, shelter, or adequate clothing. At Minsk there were more than 10,000 such destitute persons. Acting Chairman Heifetz, of the All-Russian Jewish Public Committee, states that conditions in the Ukraine today are as bad as they were in the Volga a year ago, and the prospects of suffering during the coming winter relatively as great. Mr. Frank Connes, representing the American Committee for Relief of Russian Children, made an extended investigation of conditions in the Ukraine, which he reported to be shocking. Refugees were crowded about all the railway stations in a state of utter destitution; children were being picked up dead in the streets of the cities; in the greater part of the country there was no prospect of any crop whatever, and the great industries of the Donetz basin had suffered so severely from the food shortage that workers were leaving the coal and iron mines and the metallurgical industries in large numbers, to return to their villages. On this account, production in the southern coal and iron mines had fallen to 12.5 per cent and in the steel mills to 15 per cent of normal. The effect of such a situation on the regeneration of the whole of Russia requires no comment. . . .

In Alexandrovsk, where the grain crop is normally about 2,250,000 tons, and the famine year's harvest 122,400 tons, this year the yield will at best be only 234,000 tons. In Ekaterinoslav, only 45 to 60 per cent of the arable land was put under the plow, and the yield has been only six to seven bushels to the acre. In the Don country, out of the 10,252,400 acres of farm land, only 3,777,200 were cultivated and the resulting crop was 65 per cent a failure. In Nikolaiev, the yield has been so bad that the Ukrainian Republic has already sent 450 tons of seed grain into the district for the fall sowing. Ekaterinoslav requires 9,000 tons of seed to plant even a *minimum* acreage.

Under these circumstances, it is scarcely surprising that famine in the Ukraine and the Crimea is not a prospect, but a fact. While full authoritative figures are not available, the following are indicatory of the general situation this summer:

In Nikolaiev, with a population of 1,200,000, 600,000 were still suffering from hunger, while only 350,000 were receiving relief. In Ekaterinoslav, where 900,000 are without resources, only 200,000 have received any assistance. In Alexandrovsk, 800,000 are now in desperate need of help and only 650,000 receive any aid. In the Don country, out of a population of 2,500,000, 800,000 are now on starvation rations. There are thus two and a quarter million people in the Ukraine who need immediate relief, in addition to those now being assisted by other organizations.

According to official figures there are, therefore, the following numbers of people, exclusive of famine orphans, in need of immediate relief in Russia.

Northwest Russia	965,000
Volga and Ural provinces	4,137,000
Ukraine and Crimea	2,250,000
Total	7,352,000

Personal Investigations

. . . Generally speaking, while in some parts of the Volga and Ural country the crop has been fair, in none has it been good. In many, the harvest has been wretched, and in not a few there has been virtually no crop to harvest. In the German Volga Communes, in Saratov, and the southern part of Samara, for example, where the relief furnished by the German Red Cross included the supplying of the peasants with agricultural machinery, the crop has been better than elsewhere. On the other hand, in Pugachev County of Samara, the greater part of which is distant from the railroad and where the roads are execrable, there has been almost no crop to speak of.

It was widely claimed that the reduction of the acreage sown in 1921 was due partly to the grain requisitions previously carried out by the Russian Government, as a part of the necessary policy of supplying an army in the field, and partly to the feeling on the part of the peasant farmers that they would not, individually, profit by any grain raised in excess of their own needs owing to the prohibition of buying and selling food supplies. Neither of these considerations was valid this year; yet the acreage sown was markedly below that of 1921. There were, therefore, other reasons for the resulting crop shortage in 1922 than those so widely cited outside of Russia as the controlling reasons for the crop failure of 1921.

These reasons are not far to seek. They were the same controlling reasons for a crop shortage that, according to the Report of the Russian Commission of the Near East Relief, operated in 1921, and it may be said that they are certain to be the reasons of another crop shortage in Russia next year unless the economic causes that have produced them are remedied. They are (1) shortage of seed grain for both spring and fall planting, and (2) lack of draft animals and agricultural machinery to till the soil.

Taking a typical volost (township) of Pugachev County, Samara—Maryevskaya volost—the figures for land cultivation are as follows:

	1914 Acres	1921 Acres	1922 Acres
Fall Sowing	30,930	4,937	3,790
Spring Sowing	61,071	10,522	6,588
	92,001	15,459	10,378

The shortage of seed grain this spring was given as the main cause of the reduction of 37.5 per cent over the acreage cultivated at the same period in 1921. In this connection it is worthy of remark that the Russian Government in December, 1921, intrusted $12,200,000 to Mr. Hoover to purchase seed grain in America as "purchases for January shipment." Only two cargoes of this grain left the United States in January, one of 7,563 and the other of 6,988 tons. American Relief Administration officials in Moscow had, it appears, advised the Russian authorities that this seed grain must arrive in ports for Russia not later than the middle of March if it were to be used for seed at the spring planting. Unfortunately, however, the bulk of the order was not shipped until the latter part of February, and later, when there was no chance whatever of its reaching the outlying country districts of the interior of Russia in time to be utilized as seed.

On the other hand, while the Russian Government's independent efforts to secure seed grain for the spring planting were over 100 per cent successful, that program was for the famine year acreage; so that, allowing for a certain amount of the seed being eaten by famished peasants, the planting was inevitably less than the acreage of 1921. The delivery of seed grain was at best a desperate business, in which transportation played a very large part. For a brief period, in the later part of February, and before any considerable part of the seed grain from America had arrived in Russia, there was a crisis in Russian transportation which threatened seriously to tie up the delivery not only of the seed but of relief supplies. Prompt action by Commissar Djerjhinsky resolved this difficulty, however; but the publicity which had been given in America to the fact that transportation difficulties had existed proved of in-

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calculable damage to the cause of general Russian relief, as the remedying of these conditions never became widely known in the United States.

In addition to the difficulties in the way of the delivery of the seed grain to the railheads in the famine area, there were even greater difficulties in the way of getting the seed thus furnished by the Russian Government to peasants in isolated villages and farms. The roads in Russia, never good, fell into a condition of incredible disrepair during the war and the civil war that followed. In the spring these roads are virtually impassable, and in many instances seed available at the railheads could not be fetched by peasants at a day's journey from the railway stations. Moreover, much of the seed which was obtained by the Russian Government and actually delivered to the farmers by what, under the circumstances, was almost a miracle of energy, had been obtained from districts with soil and climatic conditions at great variance with those of the Volga and Ural regions; and the seed so obtained produced indifferent crops in the sections where it was planted. . . .

The shortage of draft animals may be seen from the following table covering the same typical volost of Pugachev County, Samara, already cited:

	1914	1921	1922
Horses	4,807	2,762	119
Cows	2,104	1,565	415

. . . I found farmers selling their agricultural machinery the moment the harvest was garnered this summer, for grain to store away against next winter. Questioned as to why they did this, the reply was general: "My plow will do me no good if I don't live through to next spring to use it. If I do live, I may be able to arrange to buy or rent a plow by pledging part of my next season's crop for it." . . .

Migrations of Peasants

The vast exodus of peasants from their farms which characterized the first panic of the famine of 1921, with such dire results to those who fled the land, while not repeated to the same extent as last year, is nevertheless again in progress. The situation is complicated by the fact that many of those who left their land a year ago and sought refuge in Turkestan, Siberia, Stavropol, and Transcaucasia, hearing reports of good harvests at home, are now eager to return to their villages, where there is not enough food to feed through the coming winter those who remained on the land, much less those who fled. . . . Moreover, the shortage of fuel . . . led the inhabitants who remained last year to use the wood of the houses of those who fled for firewood, with the result that those now returning to their villages will in many cases find themselves without adequate shelter. In many instances, also, the men of the family have either died or, quitting their villages to find work elsewhere last winter, as is the Russian custom, disappeared, leaving large numbers of families consisting solely of women and children. At Stavropol, on the Volga, I found 100 such families who had left their farms because there were no men-folk to cultivate them. . . .

In the villages, the fleeing of the peasants means, of course, less production next year; yet throughout Buzluk and Pugachev counties of Samara I found the roads dotted with families leaving their homes, not of course in the numbers of last year, but nevertheless in sufficient numbers to constitute a very real problem. In Pugachev County, for example, from Klevenka 40 families had already left the village, while the harvest, such as it was, was coming in. Where before the war the village had boasted 3,000 horses, only 6 horses, 175 cows, and no sheep were left. In Lomovka, of the remaining population of 2,420, only ten families were believed to be able to weather the coming winter, while approximately 1,000 persons had died in the village during last winter. In this village, in one street a mile long, only eight homes were still occupied. From Androsovka, a village of 4,753 inhabitants, 308 had already left in August. This village had 123 horses, 306 cows, and 266 sheep as its live-stock assets remaining from the famine. Six hundred and fifty persons had died there of hunger last winter. Padovka, a village of 1,800 inhabitants in 1921, had only 1,300 left; only 1 per cent of the arable land had been cultivated, and cases of cannibalism had been established in that neighborhood last winter. In Babrovka, a village of approximately 700 families, only 300 cows and even a smaller number of horses remained. Thirty per cent of the population was without sufficient grain to see them through to January, and 800 children and old people were being fed by the American Committee for Relief of Russian Children and by the Russian Red Cross. In Mucha, with 5,000 population, 200 cows, 1 pig, 1 cock, and 5 hens constituted the live stock of the village. During last December and January the death-rate was 10 to 12 daily. In the twin villages of Marino and Krasovka, with a combined present population of 6,000, where formerly almost 10,000 lived, there were 200 cows and 70 horses. . . .

Children

. . . It is well to meet the statement which has occasionally been made by mischievous or ill-informed persons that any part of the supplies sent from the United States or any other country to Russia for distribution through the Russian Red Cross fail to reach the famine sufferers or are intended to or do fall into the hands of the Russian army or the Russian Soviet authorities. This statement is maliciously false, and it should be evident to anyone that it would be utterly impossible for an organization, forming part of the International Red Cross Committee at Geneva as the Russian Red Cross does, to turn aside a jot of the relief supplies sent to it for distribution. On the contrary, one of the principal assets of the Russian Red Cross in caring for the children to whom the American Committee for Relief of Russian Children sends milk, is the food furnished, voluntarily, as their gift to their little brothers and sisters, by the soldiers of the Russian army, all of whom give at least two daily rations per month and many of whom give one daily ration per week, going hungry themselves that day, in order that the famine orphans of Russia may be fed. In the first fortnight of August, 29,000 such rations were received from the Russian army by the Russian Red Cross in Samara. After the inception of the famine relief work of the Russian Red Cross in November, 1921, until the arrival of the first supplies from America, it was the Russian army which furnished the food supplies with which the work of the Russian Red Cross was carried on. . . .

No able-bodied male or female over 16 years of age receives relief from the Russian Red Cross without performing work of some public utility in payment thereof. The street cleaning of Samara, Syzran, Simbirsk, and other Volga-side cities is done entirely under the direction of the Russian Red Cross, by destitute men and women who receive food relief, and are lodged in barracks provided by the Russian Red Cross. Road mending, general sanitation, field work on farms, drainage, and other activities are conducted for the public good by the Russian Red Cross in this way. . . .

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